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FEBRUARY, 1936
VOL. XII, No. 2

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CANADIAN GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL

In This Issue

VAGABONDING IN THE ARCTIC

By Thomas H. Inkster

CHARTING THE GREAT LAKES

By Roy F. Fleming

VILLAGE LIFE IN JAPAN

By E. H. Cassidy

OLD FORT ST. JOHN

By Philip H. Godsell

A CANADIAN IN CARTHAGE

By Gordon H. Fournier

Geography of World Events -- The Struggle for Mongolia

PUBLISHED BY

The Canadian Geographical Society

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Canadian Geographical Society

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Canadian Geographical Journal

Published monthly by

THE CANADIAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

EDITOR

LAWRENCE J. BURPEE
Ottawa, Canada

PUBLISHER

GEORGE A. MACKIE
Fifth Floor - Sun Life Building - Montreal



February, 1936

Entered as second-class matter at the
Post Office, Montreal, Canada

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In This Issue

	FOLIO
Vagabonding in the Arctic - - - - -	THOMAS H. INKSTER 59
Charting the Great Lakes - - - - -	ROY F. FLEMING 69
Great Moments in Canadian Exploration	
VI. La Vérendrye Discovers the Rockies - - - - -	78
Village Life in Japan - - - - -	E. H. CASSIDY 79
Geography of World Events—The Struggle for Mongolia - - - - -	89
Old Fort St. John - - - - -	PHILIP H. GODSELL 91
A Canadian In Carthage - - - - -	GORDON H. FOURNIER 101

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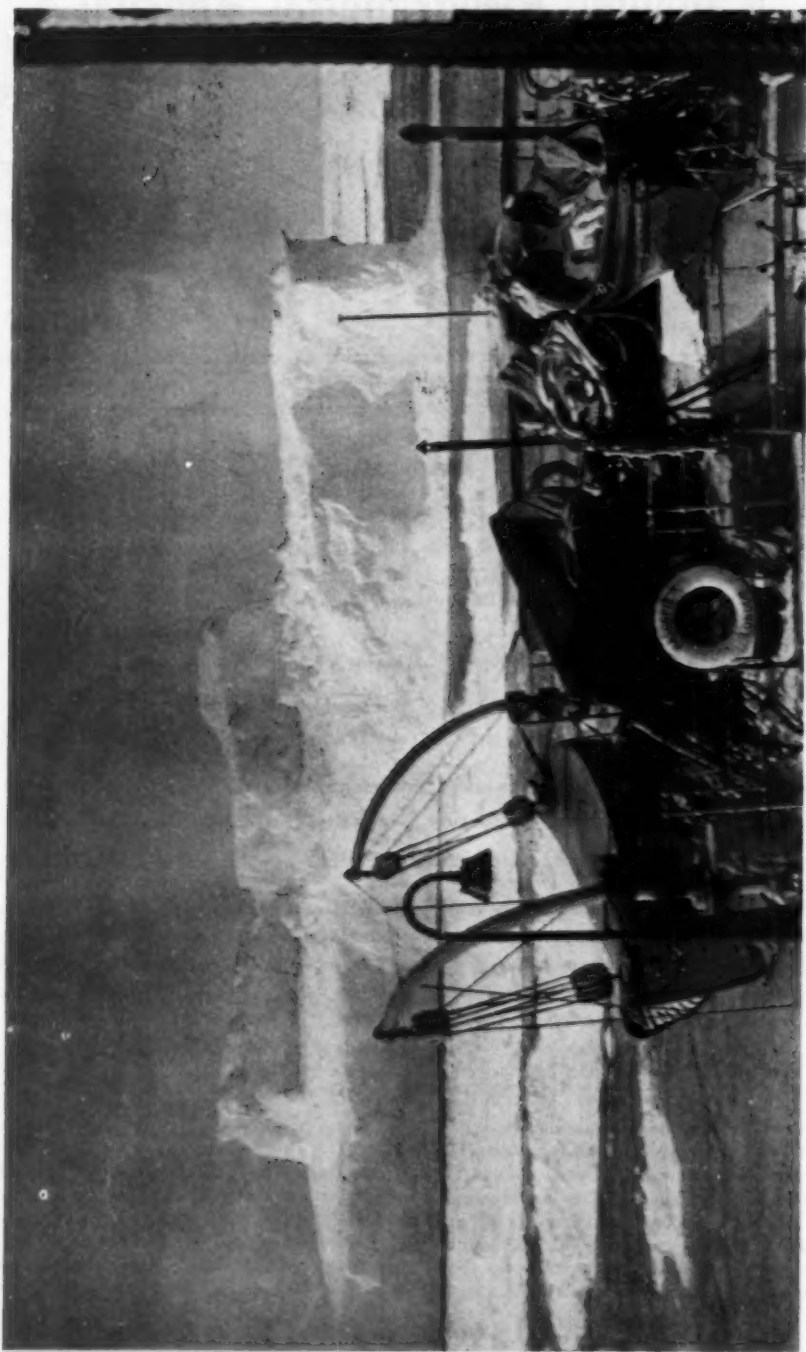
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The "Nascope" clears an iceberg.

Vagabonding in the Arctic

By THOMAS H. INKSTER

LAND of ice and snow and blizzards. That, briefly expresses the general opinion concerning the vast domain of the Eskimo. Sitting on the floor in the anteroom of a trading post I would have welcomed a winter breeze, for it was July and the heat was intense. The occasion was that of an Eskimo wedding.

The Bishop of the Anglican Missions and a missionary, both in long colourful robes, conducted the ceremony entirely in the Eskimo language. Eskimo girls who sat around me were all attention and missed not a single word, but the bride and groom appeared to be quite calm — if not unconcerned. Outside again, after the nuptial cord had been spliced, we pulled veils over our faces to ward off mosquitoes while the Eskimos huddled in smoke around smudges — very likely to talk of the eccentricity of the white man. The particular couple just married had been man and wife, in the Eskimo way, for four years!

Strange is the world of the Eskimo. It is a world of good and evil spirits, of tabus, of medicine men and sorcerers, of strange superstitions, of legends and beliefs handed down from generation to generation by word of mouth. Some of the superstitions and legends may have come out of Mongolia, whence many people believe the Eskimos originally came. It is a world where industry and the ability to hunt successfully form the foundation for the people's continued existence.

It was several years since

I had been among the Eskimos but I was more enthused than before. Indeed, my determination to meet them again necessitated shipping out from Montreal as a stowaway on the *Nascopie*. When found and paraded before the captain, I was ordered to the "stokehole." The stokers were a fine lot and, like true seamen, very sympathetic to one in dire circumstances. Little could they know that I was perfectly happy.

Later, I was told Mr Parsons, the Hudson's Bay Company Commissioner, wanted to talk to me. I told him of my travels and had little trouble in convincing him that I liked the North. Then I told him a few stories and had him laughing, with the result that I was signed on as assistant purser.

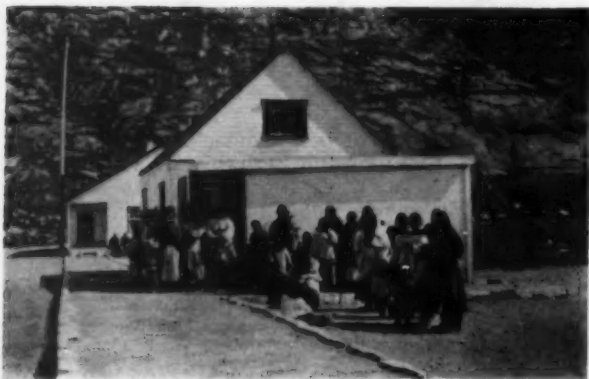
We passed close by historic Quebec at midnight and steamed down the St. Lawrence. When the last pilot was put off at Father Point, we cut across the Gulf to the Straits of Belle Isle where two tall bergs greeted us as the snow capped hills of Newfoundland dwindled from our view. Four days after leaving Montreal, we hove to at Cartwright, named after George Cartwright who made a settlement on the coast of Labrador in March, 1770.

Early in the morning, two days later, we left Cartwright and, in the evening, came close upon a school of "roundheads". I thought they resembled sharks but, from what the seamen knew, they are of the whale family and quite common around

The writer is "taken for a ride" on kayak. Covered with sealskin,



they skim the water like gulls.



Eskimo are very fond of being photographed. The camera is still a deep mystery to them.

Labrador. We passed the fishing ship *Arctic Queen* with her tender close by and fishermen in dories scattered around. Then we entered the ice.

Ice! Ice! Ice! Ice as far as the eye could see, with the good ship bucking her way through with all her might. I had seen ice in the Bering where a ship could manoeuvre around it but here the ship had to batter her way through.

Sound pictures fail to convey the sensation one has when in the ice. At times the ship would roll far over with a loud gnashing sound, to sway back again as large pieces of ice would shoot out from under smeared with red paint off the hull. Often the ship would drift with the floe, waiting for an opening. Then, the quietness was like being in a catacomb.

I was aloft in the after rigging one day, trying to get a picture of the ice field, when I noticed a commotion on deck. The cause of the excitement was a walrus. He was a big fellow and enjoying his seal dinner. The ship was close to him but he never budged an inch. When tourist trade to the Arctic becomes popular, these funny looking fellows will very likely gather around the ship for lunch.

We eventually got through the ice and around Cape Chidley to Port Burwell, at the northern tip of Labrador. Port Burwell is on a very small bay, surrounded by towering hills of solid rock. For that matter, all the "cities" of the north coast are on bays. The

settlement could not be seen from the anchorage.

The two cargo boats were lowered to transport the freight ashore. Rounding the point to enter Port Burwell, we passed a waterfall that looked especially pretty in the early morning hour.

Our job was to put the freight ashore. From the beach, the Eskimos packed it to the warehouses. The job was harder than at any other ports at which we called, as the freight had to be carried up a steep bank. Often they were hard pressed and ready to drop, but they were game. The men did the work but at other places the women worked equally as well as the men, if not better.



The last of her tribe; an old Eskimo woman of Baffin Land.

The nautical caps make this look rather like a yachting party. These Eskimo boys are wearing summer parkas.



It was surprising to have mosquitoes flitting about in cloud formation with ice on the banks all around us. Though it was warm, the Eskimos never shed a garment. It was the same at all the posts. Every Eskimo, apparently, wanted to display his entire wardrobe. I tried to induce a few to remove a parka or a sweater but my efforts were useless. Oddly enough, they did not seem to mind the heat as much as we did.

They would stop for a "mugup" of tea every little while. The Eskimo cares not a hoot for liquor. He will drink it and can cut up some fancy capers afterwards but, unlike his red faced

brother and his pale faced brother, he does not crave it and can get along without it very nicely. He prefers tea — by the bucket!

The Eskimos were dark. We get our sun tan in midsummer. The Eskimo gets his, from the glare of the sun on the ice, late in the spring.

Every man and woman puffs a pipe but, once a year, when the ship arrives, they enjoy a change by smoking cigarettes. I would hand out cigarettes, then pick up my camera. They like cigarettes but, cigarettes or no cigarettes, they would come on the run from all directions to pose before the "magic-box". Their art of posing is natural and perfect.

Around the Mackenzie Delta I had met a number of Eskimos who talked English very well. Here, I met few indeed who could understand a word of it. However, the Eskimo is quick to grasp. A few motions of the hand and he will do something — most often what is wanted. In supervising the handling of freight from the cargo boat, I would often say "Okay." Ere long each man was saying the word at the proper time. I tacked the name "Jumbo" on one good natured robust youth. Quickly they all picked it up and I am reasonably sure that, today, Jumbo is not known by any other name.

From Port Burwell, we crossed Hudson Strait to Lake Harbour on Baffinland. We saw a polar bear while crossing but far more important was the news that the chief steward's pet had presented the ship with four



A venerable Eskimo couple.

Photograph by J. J. Heard

additional passengers. Mr Reed, who had taken his jet black cat on board in Scotland, smiled as different members of the crew asked to be given a kitten.

Approaching Lake Harbour, we beheld the letters H. B. C. on the hillside back of the settlement. Eskimos had gathered from near and far for the greatest event of the year and their tents occupied all the available space between the cemetery and the beach. A large number were on hand to pack the freight from the beach to the warehouses. We watched native boys playing football but the tennis champions of Baffin land were busy checking their stores and unable to give us an exhibition.

Doctor Bildfell, who was enroute to Pangnirtung to take charge of the hospital there, examined the Eskimos and performed an emergency operation on a five year old boy. Bishop Fleming, who was making his annual inspection tour, christened little ones and married older ones.

The interpreter of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police at Lake Harbour is a very intelligent young Eskimo. I asked him if I might photograph his wife and child. He was glad to accommodate me and went into his tent. Soon his wife

appeared wearing a fancy tam and the child, instead of being borne on the mother's back, was carried by the father! My photograph was a failure. However, talking with them of Eskimo legends and watching them dance was worth more to me than any photograph.

In a general analysis, the North is a large forest that stretches across Canada from Alaska to Labrador. The trees become shorter as one goes north, until they dim away to a large area of tundra. The timber limit is the boundary line between the Indian and the Eskimo. At the coast, the country is rough and rocky. Eskimos pile rocks to form mounds on the top of cliffs, to guide them when travelling. A better idea of the north coast country might be gathered from the fact that coal was delivered to every post and, at Cartwright, small logs for kindling — one hundred to each post — were taken on board.

Mail service to these parts is but once a year, but radio offsets that. Now, from several broadcasting stations in Canada and the United States, letters to men in the North from their friends are read at different times during the week. Relatives and friends



Unloading cargo on the shore. The writer is at the right, behind the two children.

Photograph by J. J. Heard



An unusual service being conducted by the Anglican Bishop in the Eastern Arctic. The congregation is gathered in boats.

have but to mail the letter to the broadcasting station.

In the old days, trading companies encouraged their employees to marry native girls. The word "encouraged" may not be very apt, but it is apt enough. So they married and settled down. Today, the companies are quick to dismiss any employee who is reported to be playing Don Juan among the natives, and marriage to a native is frowned upon. The new trader has either a wife back home or a young lass who has not yet filled her hope chest.

Every white man in the North-West Territories is allowed to purchase a supply of liquor for medicinal purposes once a year. Westward, I have often seen the year reduced to a day. When a visitor calls on a trader in the Eastern Arctic, a small quantity of liquor is poured in a glass. The visitor may add hot water and sugar or down the contents in one gulp — but there is no second drink! The trader knows he can get supplies only once a year and liquor, with him, very often is medicine.

Eskimos are skilled craftsmen in construction, geniuses with metal, and their mechanical sense is a mystery. They temper spears, dishes, and all sorts of things from copper. Bob Flaherty, who took the first films of the Eskimos, had a camera that went out of kilter. An Eskimo, who had not seen a camera before, repaired it! At every post there is proof of their inventive ability and proof of their handiwork in repairing watches, rifles, and numerous other articles.

Captain John Matheson, of Edmonton, made a number of small auxiliary schooners for the Eskimo trade. They were shipped by rail to the End-of-Steel and then sailed down the chain of rivers to Aklavik where each boat was sold to a small group of the more prosperous Eskimos. The mechanic sent to instruct the Eskimos had little difficulty. He would take three or four Eskimos and instruct each one on a particular part of the engine, and admitted, humorously but seriously, that they soon knew more about the engine than he did.



A "mug-up" at Port Burwell. The Hudson's Bay Company's trading post is in the background.

In summer time, Eskimos live in tents or huts. When winter comes, they often remain in them, letting the snow pack on all sides and on the roof. The general rule, however, is that they make their igloo from the snow. Snow is cut in blocks and piled up to form an arch at the top. The igloo offers a study in architecture, for it is the mastery of the spiral arch, the most baffling of all arches. During extremely severe weather, traders prefer sleeping in an igloo because, being so small and heated by burning seal oil, it is warmer than their own quarters.

The kayak is the principal means of transportation in summer. Sealskins are stretched and sewn together around the framework. There is a round opening at the centre where the Eskimo sits. Flaps of sealskin are brought up to the waist and tied close to the body so that water will not get into the craft should it capsize. When in playful mood, the Eskimos roll their kayaks over and over to see who can most quickly right his craft. With a double-bladed paddle, the Eskimo makes his kayak — light as a feather by comparison with an Indian canoe — skim over the water like some great bird of flight.

Resourcefulness is the outstanding quality of Eskimo life. One Eskimo and his wife, while hunting, went adrift on a cake of ice that eventually grounded on a deserted island far from the mainland. The Eskimo had a rifle, a few cartridges, some fish hooks, and the wife had some home-made needles. Their only other resources were their native intelligence and their clothing,

yet here they remained ten years; children were born to them and they were quite contented. Adapting himself to new conditions, the Eskimo simply reverted to the mode of life of the stone age. Their summer home was made from the skins of wild animals and, working with nature, they built an igloo in winter. When a longing came to see their friends again, they set about to build a seaworthy craft. Bones were collected from the skeletons of wild animals to form a frame work. These



Arctic belles watch the arrival of the ship.

A group of Eskimo gather round the camera to be "shot."



were bound with thongs and covered with sealskin. A crude sail, made also from sealskin, and they returned again to be welcomed by friends that had not seen them for a decade.

Eskimo girls and boys have no pre-nuptial worries, nor is there any great mystery concerning the sexes. Their marriages are arranged for them by their parents. This is strictly a commercial transaction between the heads

of two families. A down payment is made at the time of the contract and the balance is paid when the children become of age. Eskimo girls are brought up to respect their husbands from their earliest years and when they reach puberty they start living together as a matter of course.

Akin to the white man, the Eskimo is always pushing on. Wild animals will leave the Indian's territory, but he will not follow them. In squalor and wretchedness he will remain and die where he was born. When hunting is no longer possible near at hand, the Eskimo goes farther afield. He has been called a nomad. Actually, he is a good provider.

The finest quality of the Eskimo is his character. He has a keen sense of humour and by natural gifts and temperament is the most admirable, certainly the most interesting, and the most misunderstood and misrepresented of all the native races of America. From the days of Sir John Franklin and Sir Alexander Mackenzie to our time, every man who has met them and enjoyed their hospitality has spoken of them kindly. The Eskimo is generous to the last degree and his word is his bond. Indians beg and boast but the Eskimo does neither. Without any religious standard or set creed, he has a code of ethics which we might well emulate. One of the unwritten laws forbids him to turn the necessity of another to his own advantage.

Leaving Lake Harbour, we steamed to Wakeham Bay on the mainland.



The Eskimo baby rides comfortably on his mother's back.



Eskimo schooners come alongside to receive cargo for relay to Ungava Bay and otherwise inaccessible places in the Eastern Arctic.



Eskimo character studies.



Unloading freight from the cargo boat at Port Burwell.

Photograph by J. J. Heard

Then on to Sugluk West and Wolstenholme where the Canadian Government patrol ship *N. B. McLean* was riding at anchor. Here the traders told us about an Eskimo affair of the previous winter. A black sheep among the tribe, and a rogue, refused to work. While the others were out hunting, he lived with their wives. No time is lost with the Eskimo judicial system. While we were there, members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and Government officials were investigating the strange death of an Eskimo!

From Wolstenholme, we entered Hudson Bay and sailed south to Cape Smith where we met a party of prospectors who had flown in from Moosonee on a search for gold. Then we called at Port Harrison and passed through the shoals to "ye bottom of ye bay" (as the early traders called James Bay) to Charlton Island. From there I

travelled seventy five miles by the Hudson's Bay Company motor cruiser *Fort Amadjuak* to Moosonee, at the northern terminus of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway.

The crew of the *Nascopie* were all fine fellows and more than kind to me. On the night before I left the ship, they gave a farewell party to "the first stowaway to the Eastern Arctic." The missionaries, traders, and police were all hospitable to me and interested in my "adventure". Some of them presented me with pieces of Eskimo ivory and stone carving that money will never buy.

Being among the Eskimos again gave me a new lease on life and a fuller appreciation of values. On leaving them, my thoughts were those expressed in Amundsen's farewell to his Eskimo friends: "Good-bye, my dear, dear friends. My best wish for you is that civilization may never reach you."

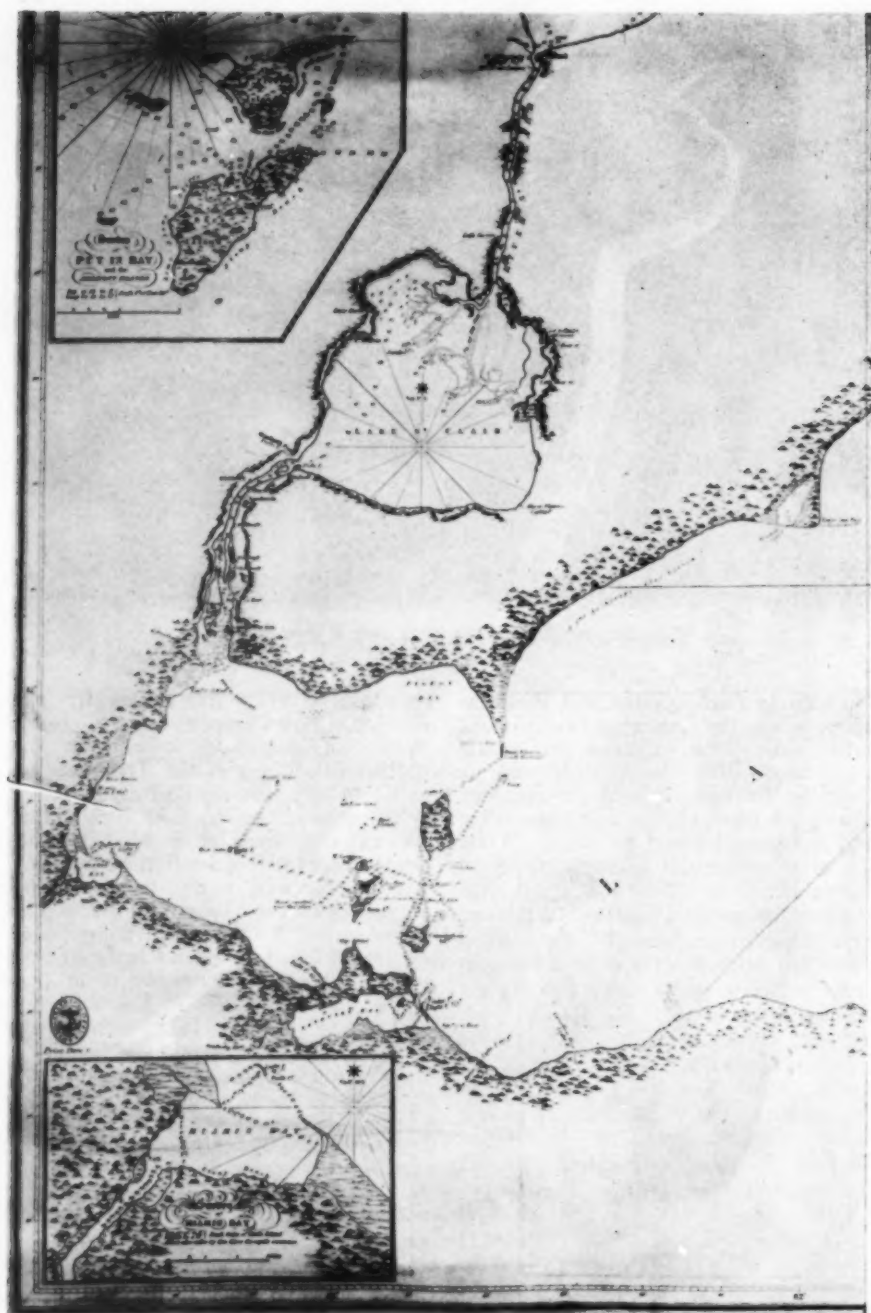


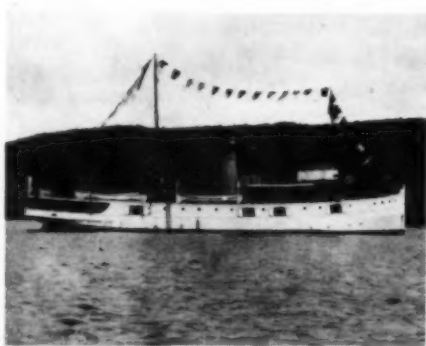
Chart of the western end of Lake Erie and connection with Lake Huron, made by Owen and Bayfield between 1815 and 1818.

Charting the Great Lakes

By ROY F. FLEMING

SEVERAL maps of North America containing representations of the Great Lakes were published in England before Canada was ceded to Britain in 1763. The earliest of these, according to Dr. Karpinski's Bibliography, was R. Daniel's "Map of English Empire of ye Continent of America" published by Morden and Bery in 1679. Others were,—Robert Morden's (1688), Hermann Moll's (1701-1720), Henry Popple's (1733), John Huske's (1755), Dr. John Mitchell's (1755), and Thomas Jeffreys' (1761). Of these the Mitchell map is the more noteworthy on account of its use by Britain in a number of international boundary settlements. On this map are given the names of the major waters of the Great Lakes much as we know them to-day, with the exception of the Upper St. Lawrence which is called "Iroquois or Catarakui."

An examination of the numerous maps and charts of the Great Lakes in the Archives of Canada indicates that the first hydrographic survey work done by the British here was in 1783 when H.



The Canadian survey steamer, "Bayfield II" on Lake Superior.



Admiral Henry Wolsey Bayfield, 1795-1885; Chief Hydrographer of Canada, 1817-57. Completed the survey of the Great Lakes in 1817-1825; died at Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Photograph from the late Captain J. G. Boulton

Laforce and Lewis Kotte charted the north shore of Lake Ontario.

In 1788, soon after the arrival of Gother Mann "Captain Commanding the Royal Engineers in Canada," the Governor, Lord Dorchester, commissioned him to examine the coasts of the three lower lakes (Ontario, Erie and Huron) and select suitable locations for harbours and town-sites for both military and civil purposes.

The report Mann made afterwards to the Governor shows that he first examined the harbours of Kingston and Carleton Island, expressing the opinion that the latter would be the more suitable quarters for His Majesty's Navy on Lake Ontario.

Mann was the first to survey Toronto harbour and town-site, (spelling the name "TORENTO"), the only buildings shown in the plan being those of the Fort Rouillé.

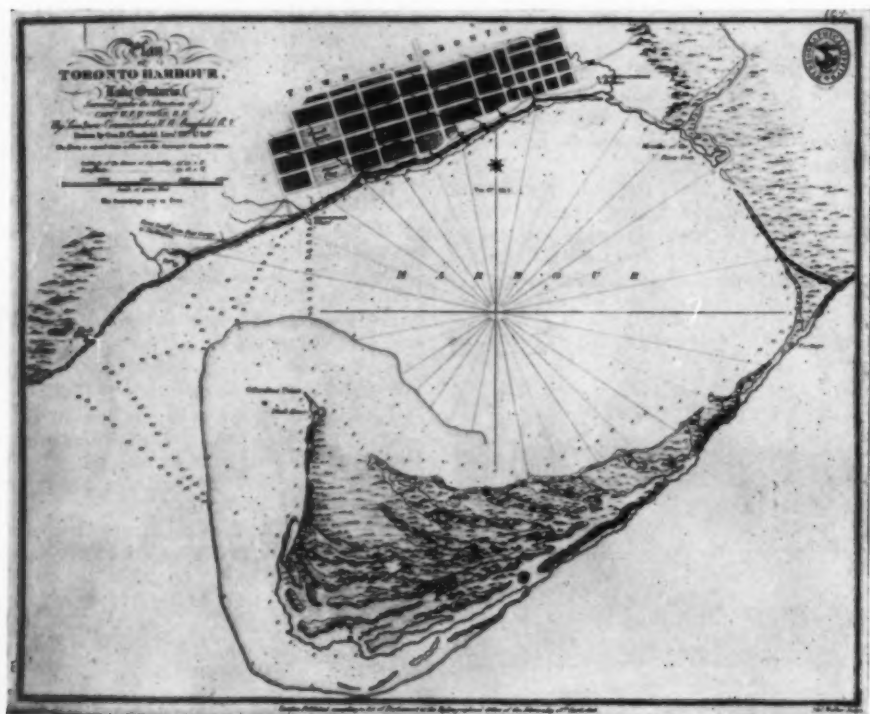
After inspecting the lower Niagara harbour, Fort Schlosser, and Fort Erie, the latter two being "in a wretched state of repair," he began his voyage up the

lakes. It is unfortunate that on this pioneer voyage the names of Mann's sailing vessel and assistants are not known; the vessel is believed to have been the schooner *Dunmore* of Detroit, and his chief assistant Lewis Kotte.

At Detroit Captain Alexander Grant of the Naval Department aided Mann in sounding the channels of the river. Westward from Grosse Isle they found the channel too shallow "considering that the water that year was 3 or 4 feet higher than at any former period." The best channel was found between Bois Blanc Island and the east main shore. Mann then surveyed the military post of Amherstburg, described as "the new situation proposed for a town, naval yard, and works of defence opposite Isle au Bois Blanc", the beginning of Canada's naval headquarters at the head of Lake Erie.

The site of Sault Ste. Marie is described as then almost deserted, with a cart-road portage on the south shore leading over part wet and part rocky ground to Lake Superior. Near the foot of the falls on this shore were two "forts" described as "dwelling houses and storehouses inclosed in a picket fence belonging to merchants" (Valin and Cadot).

Above the falls there was noted the one sailing vessel of Lake Superior the *Rebusca* (successor to the French boat *La Ronde*) which plied between there and the Grand Portage. It is with interest that we read the modest but prophetic remarks regarding a canal: "The main shore might perhaps be capable, with the assistance of Locks, of being converted into a navigable canal, but would be attended by considerable expense."



Survey of Toronto Harbour, 1816, by Lieut. H. W. Bayfield. Probably his first work under his chief, Capt. W. F. Owen.



Entrance to Toronto Harbour. From a lithograph by Coke Smyth, about 1840, in the Public Archives of Canada.

In the voyage eastward from St. Mary's River, Lake George was named, presumably after the reigning sovereign George III. Captain Mann's absurd delineation of Manitoulin Island as a string of small islands far from the north shore is a surprising error for such a responsible engineer.

At La Cloche Captain Mann and his party entered the waters of Georgian Bay, and made a circuit of its lengthy coast line. He has shown in his map the numerous inlets and river mouths examined, many of them charted for the first time. This portion of Mann's voyage is of marked historical importance, for it is believed that this was the first occasion of a sailing vessel entering Georgian Bay. A careful examination of "Matchodosh Bay" was made for the reason of its close connection by "Lake Le Clie" (Lake Simcoe) with Toronto. The shallowness of the entrance to Severn River (seven feet) was declared a serious fault.

The energetic Captain passed Christian Island naming it "Isle au Maison Pierre", then sailed into Nottawasaga Bay naming it "Iroquois Bay", past the Nottawasaga River "Egg River," Owen

Sound "Thunder Bay", and Colpoys Bay "Sturgeon Bay."

The difficulties of navigating round the long Saugeen peninsula were known even in 1788. "To go round is rarely attempted; of those who have ventured several have perished", Mann says. However the voyageurs ventured through the "Great Gap" and down the east coast of the main lake. These shores are described as "a great solitude little known or frequented except by some Indians, but many places fit for cultivation." No harbours were found the last fifty leagues of Lake Huron.

Captain Mann's Report also includes some of his hydrographic work along the south shore of Lake Ontario the following year 1789, with his assistant named as L. Kotte.

In 1805 Mann's services in Canada were given recognition by a grant of 22,859 acres of land in Acton township, Lower Canada; a baronetcy was also offered him by the home government.

At the conclusion of the War of 1812-14 the British Admiralty decided upon an extensive programme of hydrographic survey of the Great Lakes as an aid to the movement of their vessels



Vice-Admiral William Fitzwilliam Owen, R.N., 1774-1857. From an oil painting at Campobello, N.B. He was Chief Hydrographer of the Lakes of Canada, 1815-17, and later surveyed on the Atlantic coasts of British North America.

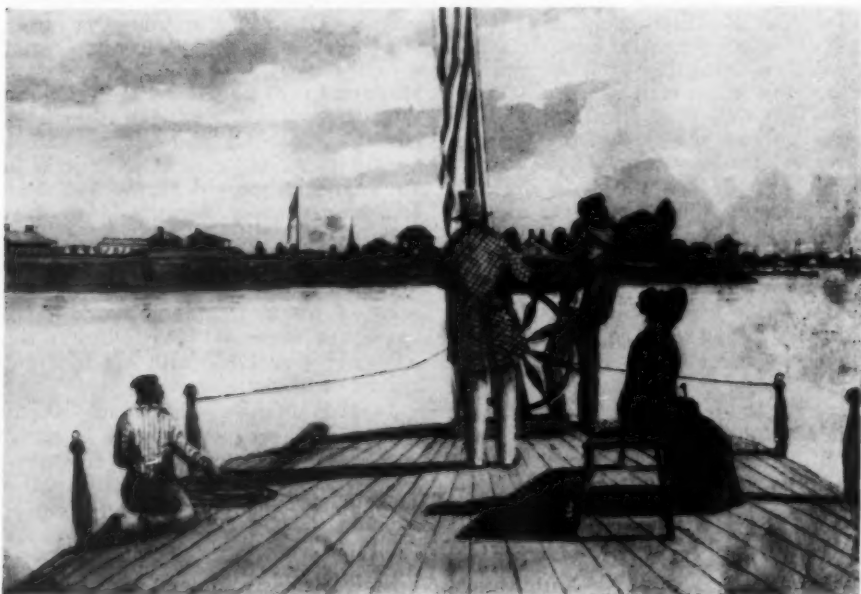
Photograph from the Public Archives of Canada.

of war on the lakes, as well as for the needs of settlement and trade.

Sir James Yeo was succeeded in 1815 by Sir Edward William Campbell Rich Owen as Commodore Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's Ships on the Great Lakes, with headquarters at Kingston. Shortly after assuming office the Commodore had his younger brother, Captain William Fitzwilliam Owen, R. N., appointed as Chief Hydrographer of the lakes. These two Owen brothers, sons of a noteworthy seaman Captain William Owen, R. N., were able and experienced officers of the British Navy, and undertook the survey work with energy.

Of the survey work of the Great Lakes area accomplished during the season of 1815, a good resume may be found in the fifty one charts accompanying Commander-in-Chief Owen's Report No. 82 to the British Admiralty, of date November 24, 1815. These charts cover the St. Lawrence waters from the Island of Montreal as far west as St. Marys River.

Some of the officials responsible for the work were apparently acting directly



Amherstburg in 1838. From a watercolour by Bainbrigge in the Public Archives of Canada.



Fort William in 1856. From a watercolour by Wm. Armstrong in the Public Archives of Canada.

under the authority of the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Edward Owen, while others were under the direct supervision of the Chief Hydrographer Capt. W. F. Owen. On Lake Ontario, T. Chillingworth, Master of *H. M. St. Lawrence* and Lieutenant Alex. T. Vidal, were stationed, the latter being soon transferred to Lake Erie. At Drummond Island, Lake Huron, to which the Michillimackinac garrison was being moved, Lieutenant Colonel Gustavus Nichols, (Commander R. E.) and Captain H. R. Payne, were in charge of the survey; while at St. Marys River, Lieutenant Alex. Brice R. E. acted, assisted by Captain Edward Collyer, with *H. M. S. Surprise*, formerly the American gunboat *Tigress*.

Captain Owen himself appears to have begun his active duties in the survey of the Upper St. Lawrence, the chart of the area from Cornwall to St. Regis bearing the inscription "W. F. W. Owen R. N. June 1815." Then moving up the lake to the Bay of Quinte region, Owen charted an area including Amherst Island, the False Ducks and Prince Edward shore, (the chart dated June 30 1815).



Admiral Sir Edward William Campbell Rich Owen, R.N., 1772-1847. From a portrait at the old Owen home at Campobello Island, N.B. He was Commander-in-Chief of H.M. Naval Forces in Canada, 1815-22. Under his jurisdiction, the hydrographic survey of the Great Lakes was undertaken by the British Admiralty.

Photograph in the Public Archives of Canada.

On repairing to Quebec city in July seeking a survey assistant, Owen obtained the services of young Lieutenant Henry W. Bayfield from H. M. S. *Wanderer*. Leaving Bayfield to look after the work on Lake Ontario, Captain Owen left for Lake Huron by way of Lake Erie.

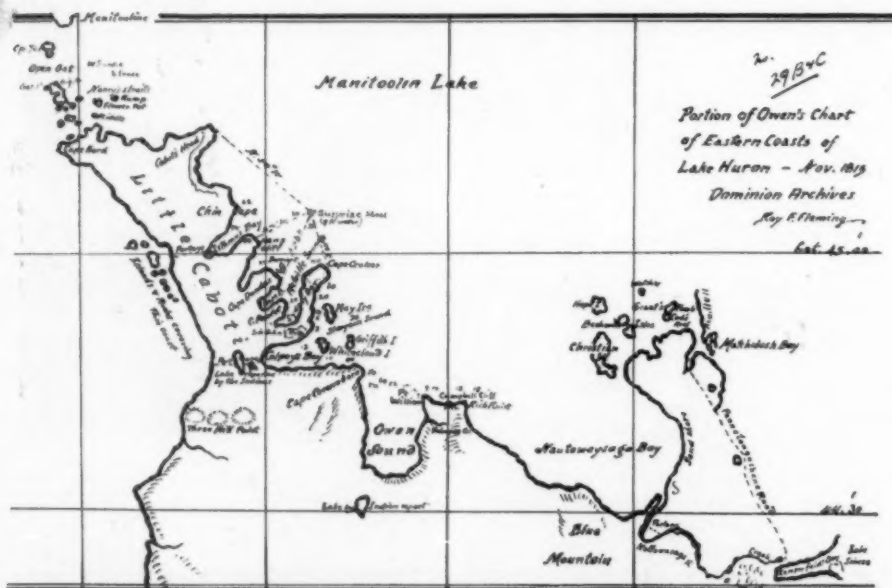
After charting the Detroit and St. Clair waters, Captain Owen, with assistants Vidal and Harris, entered Lake Huron about September 20 on the small schooner gun-boat *Huron*, and proceeded up the east coast, charting but not sounding this shore line.

In Georgian Bay, which Owen called Manitoulin Lake, the waters north of the Saugeen peninsula were charted September 26-28; then part of October was spent in the Penetanguishene area. Late in October, Owen came to the west side of the bay, taking his sights from Surprise Shoal, then sounded and charted this coast line from Cabots Head to Nottawasaga River. Owen is well remembered in this area as he christened most of the larger features. He seems to have had a particular regard for Owen Sound for here he bestowed the

family name and those of his brother the Commodore; this beautiful bay encircled with limestone cliffs having its features named Cape Commodore, Edward Creek, Point William, Campbell Cliff and Rich Point.

During the season of 1816 Owen carried on the survey of Lake Ontario including the harbours of Toronto and Kingston. In the latter part of the year, along with Lieutenant Smith of the 70th Regiment, he proceeded to survey the Trent River route from Lake Ontario to Huron.

As indicated in Bayfield's journal (dated from August, 1816, to April 7, 1817), Captain Owen gathered the assistant hydrographers at the Hydrographic Office, Kingston, during the winter season of 1816-17, giving a course of instruction in the principles of hydrographic survey, and arranging a definite programme of work from Niagara River up the lakes. The list of assistants is,—Lieutenants Vidal, Bayfield, Rennie, Becher, Smith, and Ship-Master Harris; while the vessels to be used were,—*Troughton*, *Ramsden*, *Jones*, *Cockburn*,



Captain W. F. Owen gave names to the main features of south Georgian Bay in 1815.



Sketch of the mouth of the Nottawasaga River on a map of part of the Nottawasaga by Sir Richard H. Bonnycastle, 1835, in the Public Archives of Canada.

and *Netley*, with the *Surprise* of Lake Huron as a possible sixth.

Bayfield's journal referred to is a large note-book, of 88 pages, carefully written and illustrated with diagrams by the young Lieutenant. This rare document of Great Lakes hydrography is in the possession of R. J. Fraser, Assistant Chief Hydrographer of Canada, Ottawa.

On the departure of Captain Owen to England, Lieutenant Henry W. Bayfield was appointed Admiralty Surveyor, June 17, 1817, at the age of twenty-two years. Young Bayfield was not a graduate of any naval or military school except what his ship the *Golden Beadle* had provided, for there he had studied courses of naval science under the helpful guidance of two messmates who were college graduates.

It seems probable that Bayfield followed the general outline of procedure recommended by his former Chief. Owen had finished Niagara River survey to Fort Erie, and Bayfield continued (with Lieutenant Rennie and Midshipman Philip Edward Collins) from there up the shores of Lake Erie.

Two years were spent on Lake Erie and the Detroit rivers with the survey headquarters latterly at Sandwich and Amherstburg. Then four years, 1819-22, were given to Lake Huron, Georgian Bay and the North Channel with their 33,000 islands, headquarters being at Penetanguishene and Drummond Island. Three more years, 1823-25, were taken

to complete the largest of all the lakes, Superior, whose virgin waters had never before been sounded for charting, the headquarters being latterly at Fort William then but a trading post. As the International Boundary Commission had not at that period concluded marking the boundary line between Canada and United States, Bayfield's surveys included most of the American coasts with the exception of Lake Michigan. The surveys of some American harbours were supplied by the United States Naval Depot.

During most of these many years on the lakes, Bayfield's only assistant appears to have been Midshipman Collins, and notwithstanding his early lack of experience, he became an able lieutenant always holding the respect and affectionate regard of his chief.

On Lake Huron it would appear that the chief means of conveyance was two six-oared row-boats, manned by Canadian voyageurs, faithful and cheerful servants, including Samuel Solomon, H. Bisette, and William Cowan of Drummond Island. Later the gun-boat *Confiance* (formerly the U. S. S. *Scorpion*, captured by Worsley and McDougall in 1814) was used as a survey vessel; then came the Hudson's Bay Company's schooner *Recovery*, the only sailing vessel on Lake Superior at the time, and lastly the *Duchess of Bedford*. The work was chiefly along desolate shores then inhabited by only a few Indians or



Detroit as it appeared in 1788 when visited by Captain Gother Mann. The port was then in charge of Captain Alexander Grant. From a drawing in the Public Archives of Canada.



One of the early lighthouses on Lake Ontario, at Cobourg. From an engraving in the Public Archives of Canada.



Kingston from Fort Henry. From an aquatint of a drawing by James Gray, 1828, in the Public Archives of Canada.

traders, and was carried on in winter time as well as in summer, progress often being interrupted by rain, storm, fog or snow. In the winter time holes were chopped in the ice for soundings. Sunday was regularly observed as a day of rest. Only occasionally did our energetic surveyors take time to hunt or fish, or collect specimens for geological study.

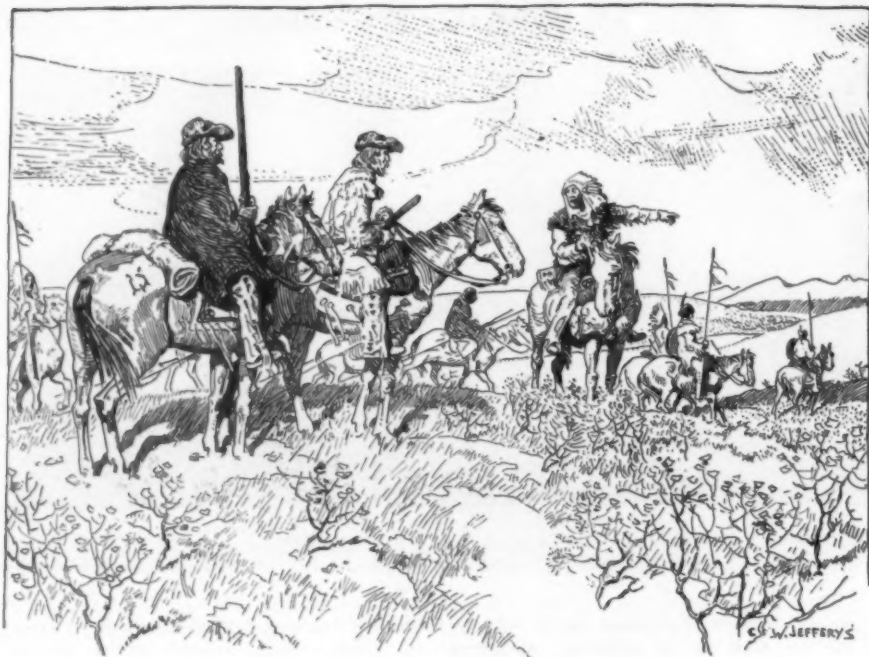
Bayfield spent about three years, 1826-28, at the British Admiralty, London, supervising the engraving and publishing of his charts of the Great Lakes. These charts have proved of inestimable benefit to the navigators of our waters in showing the courses and obstructions in sailing, the places and names, in some cases disclosing harbours that were unknown previously. In the railway construction period, which was soon to follow in Canada, use of the charts was often made in determining the choice of terminal ports.

Bayfield added much to the nomenclature of the lakes. Georgian Bay, the largest body of water named, was appropriately christened in honour of George IV, then reigning sovereign. In honour of his faithful lieutenant,—

Collins Inlet and Philip Edward Island; of Vidal,—Vidal Island; of his former chief,—Fitzwilliam Island, and Owen Channel; after himself,—Henry Island, Wolsey Lake, Bayfield Sound by Manitoulin Island, and Bayfield Bay in the Upper St. Lawrence; after his mother,—Elizabeth Bay; and after his only sister,—Helen Bay. In the Upper St. Lawrence Owen's charting was used but the naming is chiefly Bayfield's. Here aptly the "Lake Fleet" gives the vessels of His Majesty's Navy here at the time; and a host of other names memorialized the British navy and army.

The following eulogy of Bayfield is given by Captain J. G. Boulton who took up the great hydrographer's duties in a later period.

"While making a survey of Georgian Bay and the North Channel from 1883 to 1893 I had good opportunity of witnessing the marvellous quality and excellence of Admiral Bayfield's work. . . The Admiralty Surveying Service has produced good men from Captain Cook onwards, but I doubt whether the British Navy has ever produced so gifted and zealous a surveyor as Bayfield."



La Vérendrye in sight of the Western Mountains.

Reproduced from C. W. Jefferys' "Canada's Past in Pictures" by courtesy of the Artist and Ryerson Press.

GREAT MOMENTS IN CANADIAN EXPLORATION

VI. La Vérendrye Discovers the Rockies

In the summer of 1742 La Vérendrye sent two of his sons from Fort La Reine on the Assiniboine to the Mandan villages on the Missouri, and from there on a journey towards the southwest. This was part of his long-continued effort to discover a route to the Pacific. The sons, after many adventures with unknown tribes, found themselves among certain Indians called the Gens de l'Arc, or Men of the Bow. With these they marched until the first of January, 1743. On that day one of them notes in his journal: "We found ourselves in sight of the mountains." The Gens de l'Arc were on their way to attack an

enemy tribe near the foot of the mountains. "The number of fighting men exceeded two thousand, and these with their families made a considerable body as we continued to march through magnificent prairies where wild animals were in abundance." At a certain point the women and children were left behind in camp while the warriors marched forward to attack the enemy. They came at length to a deserted camp of the hostile Indians. The Gens de l'Arc, with native perversity, concluded that it was a ruse, and fled. The explorers, their goal within reach, had to turn their back upon it.



A typical rice plain at harvest time. The foothills are covered with tea bushes and orange trees. In the lower left hand corner the tea bushes may be seen among the orange trees.

Village Life in Japan

By E. H. CASSIDY

HARK! Hark! The dogs do bark, the beg—No, but a real foreigner has come to town. The children come running and take root in a close circle. All observations from now on must be made to an accompaniment of sniffs and under the scrutiny of a ring of saucer eyes.

There are many things about a Japanese village which would seem strange to a Canadian. In the first place the farmers do not as a rule build on their land as Canadian farmers do, but group their houses together after the manner of the French. This means that the countryside is dotted with innumerable little village clusters. In fertile districts the villages are very close together, and at some points the shoreline is a continuous ribbon of fishing villages.

The houses are often not very much like what has become the world's idea of a Japanese house. The dainty town house, with sliding paper doors for most of the wall space, polished wooden floors in the corridors, and straw mats in all the rooms, would not meet the needs or stand the wear of country life. Village houses vary widely in different parts of the country, but usually the outside walls are mud plaster. Roofs are tile, straw thatch, bark, or more recently corrugated zinc. Straw thatch is the most common. Tile is seen a good deal in southern Japan, but will not stand the frosts of the north very well.

Country houses are on the whole larger than town houses, because they must serve also as storehouses. The outside walls are hung with tools, straw



Bringing in hand-made paper after it has dried in the sun. This cheap grade of paper is made from the inner bark of the paper mulberry.

sandals, dried vegetables or fruit. Half or more of the house has an earth floor. This part serves as an entry hall, general storeroom, and kitchen. In the centre of the earth floor is a large built-in stove. Above, the beams and rafters are blackened with smoke. All about, the walls and rafters are covered with a variety of odds and ends. The better houses have a floor at one end, raised about two feet above the earth and covered with *tatami* (the standard Japanese floor mats, an inch thick). This part of the house is divided into rooms with the regular sliding paper doors.

That is a country mansion. The poorer houses have no *tatami* — only a few rough boards covered with thin straw mats of a different kind altogether. These houses are small, dark, and smoky. It is no wonder that the Japanese hate cold, and dread the winter.

In the northern part of the main island where there is snow all winter, they lead a miserable existence until spring comes to release them once more.

Seen from the outside, the beautiful part of a village house is its roof. Japanese sunlight falling on a tiled village makes a pretty sight. Thatched roofs are also lovely — especially when covered with moss and small plants. In some parts of the country the ridges develop into regular roof gardens, with rows of lusty lilies blooming profusely.

In poor villages, especially in the mountains, there may be no gardens, but wherever it is at all possible each house will have one. In well-to-do villages some of the gardens may be very fine indeed. The Japanese idea of a

garden is, however, quite different from the Canadian. Where a Canadian expects flowers, a Japanese wants water, stones, and trees. A Japanese village always has a lot of running water about (on the surface, not in pipes, of course), so each house can have a little pond three or four feet long, surrounded by carefully chosen stones and banked with trees and shrubs. Usually there are goldfish or carp in the pond.

One part of the domestic establishment which always interests foreigners is the bath. To the Japanese, the bath is not so much a necessity as a luxurious amusement: their idea of a perfect holiday is a trip to a hot spring town and a prolonged stew in an almost boiling bath. The Japanese bath tub is, as every one knows, a round or oval wooden affair, deep enough to cover one up to the neck when sitting, but not intended to lie out in. It has a sort of

embedded stove capable of boiling the occupant as red as a lobster. It is a sign of relative affluence to have a bath in the house: poor people must go to a public bath. In a country house, the bath, if there is one, may be put anywhere—in the kitchen or in an open shed across the road.

The Japanese attitude toward bathing is extremely difficult for foreigners to understand. They simply do not regard bathing as a private activity. Naturally foreign residents are in for a lot of odd experiences (and amusing too—if taken in the right spirit). I remember deciding to risk a bath on one stay in a village inn. To my relief the girl left me at the door of the bathroom. I shut it carefully, and feeling blissfully alone, shed my clothes and stepped

across to the big tub. As I approached it, the cold water began to flow. I stirred until the bath seemed bearable and made a move to get in. At once the water stopped. I got in and stretched out luxuriously. Then a little window above me flew open and my guardian spirit leaned in to enquire if everything was to my liking. I hastened to assure her that it was.

Village people are, of necessity, hard workers, the nature of their activities depending on the situation of their village. Up in the mountains they will grow as much as they can, but their main occupation will be in the woods: cutting underbrush for kindling, felling trees, burning charcoal. Most of their product will find its way to market on their own backs. Their life is the loneliest in Japan.

Along the coast the people carry on a myriad of fishing activities beyond the



Country girls enjoying a game of jacks while on nursemaid duty.

understanding of any but the initiated. They catch lobsters and shrimps, fish varying in size from whales down to tiny translucent worms, shellfish, sharks and octopi. Some are caught in great basketware pots, some with a hook and line, some in nets. Everything which can, by any stretch of the imagination, be considered edible is carefully saved and eaten.

The nature of their occupation has made the people extraordinarily co-operative. One day I was walking along a beach watching the surf when I noticed a dot appear on the horizon. Almost at once a dozen men and women gathered from nowhere, girdled up their loins (in the original Biblical fashion) and stood waiting as the dot grew into a fishing boat standing off for a chance to run in through the surf. Presently it came in with a rush, stern first. There was a dash into the water to seize it and



A country woman.

drag it up on the sand. As far as I could see there was no catch, but now the people began to pull on a rope

running from the boat out into the sea. Each puller had a rope around his (or her) middle, which he quickly hitched to the big rope. Then he began to pull backwards slowly up the slope. As each got to the top of the beach he cast off, ran down into the water, and hitched on again at the foot of the line of pullers. This went on for at least an hour. Progress was very slow and jerky because the undertow from each breaker pulled the rope out again. At last a net made its appearance and was dragged out on the beach after tremendous exertion and a soaking for everybody. In the centre of the net was half a bucketful of squirming, worm-like fish, with nothing opaque in their little bodies but two black dots for eyes. As the fisher folk gathered around and scooped these into a pail, they eagerly munched handfuls of the wriggling creatures. I hastily took my appetite away to save it for supper.

Agriculture is, of course, the main occupation of most villages. Rice is grown wherever possible and in many places apparently impossible. Wheat is grown in fields which cannot be flooded for rice, or as a winter crop in the rice



An unusually attractive farmstead.



The kitchen of a well-to-do country family.

fields themselves, in warmer districts where two crops a year are possible. Mulberry bushes are grown for sericulture. In southern Japan a great deal of space, time, and trouble are devoted to oranges and tea — usually in the same districts and sometimes on the same slopes.

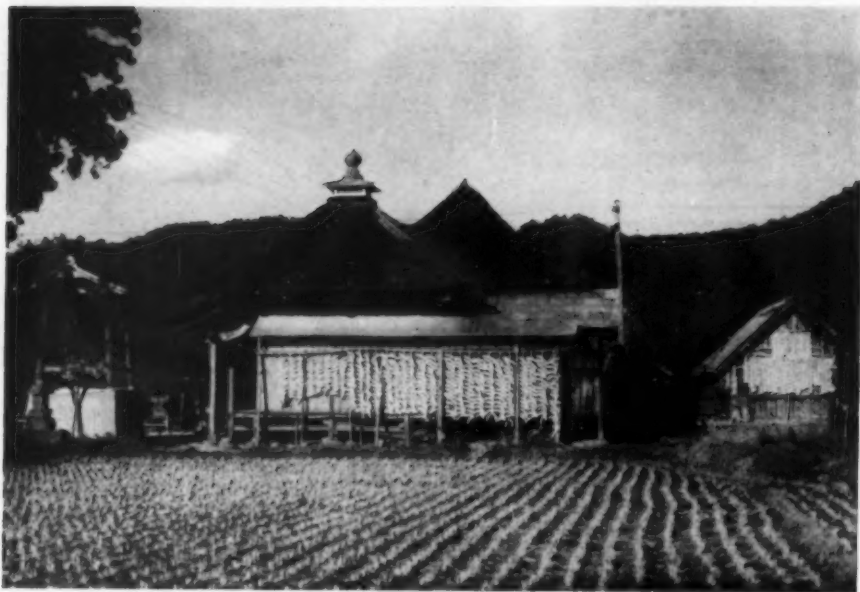
Then too, vegetables must be raised. Perhaps the most important and the most characteristically Japanese is the most difficult to explain to any one who has never been in Japan. The Japanese name is *daikon*. This is usually translated "radish", or "white radish", but that is only misleading. There is no English name for anything corresponding to the *daikon*. It looks like a large, white horse carrot — except for the leaves. It *does* taste something like a radish, but its strong smell is quite unlike any other vegetable. It is used to make the commonest of the Japanese pickles of which one reads so much.

Cucumbers, eggplant, carrots, Irish potatoes and sweet potatoes are grown throughout the country. Tomatoes are raised and eaten because they are said to be good for one, but they are foreign and not greatly liked. Spinach, stran-

gely enough, is a national institution. Equally strangely, parsnips have quite



An old farmer faces the camera — probably for the first time.



Daikon hung on a temple wall to wilt before being pickled.



Silk worms — nearly full grown.



Fishing boats along the shore. Those in the distance are in daily use. The nearer two are not immediately needed and have been protected with a temporary thatch.



Terraces by the sea, planted with tea bushes and wheat.

failed to win approval. In Tokyo there are a few produced for foreign consumption. Anywhere else people don't know what they are.

Growing rice is a strenuous and rather messy business. In the spring the first step is to mend the mud dykes around the little paddy fields. This is done with the wierd instrument which takes the place of spade and hoe for the Japanese farmer (hoes have been popularized, but are distinctly an importation). The Japanese name for this is *kua*. No English term more than remotely fits it.

When the dykes have been built anew, the fields are dug with *kua*, or are ploughed with the help of an ox or a scrawny little horse. If a horse is used it is nearly always led by a second person — sometimes by a pole stretching

out at right angles from the bridle. After digging or ploughing, the lumps are broken up. If the fields are under water and cannot be drained, this is done with a tool something like an old-fashioned, hand hay rake, or by a form of horse-drawn harrow. If the fields are dry, they are worked with some form of swinging clod breaker. Even in a nightmare a Canadian farmer could hardly dream of Japanese land-working tools, and there are simply no English names for them.

The rice is planted first in small seed beds, where it grows to a height of about six inches. Then it is transplanted by hand into rows about eight inches apart in the paddy fields. The country people perform this operation with great speed and skill. One thing that must be remembered, however, is that the damp

air of Japan makes transplanting far easier than it is anywhere in Canada. Plants stuck in anyhow or even left lying on the surface will grow with hardly a set-back. This explains many of the fabulous things done by Japanese gardeners.

If possible two or three inches of water are kept in the paddy fields throughout the growing season. When the rice is ripening, however, the fields are drained. Then the rice is cut by hand, tied in sheaves, and hung up to dry. The fields are always too damp to permit leaving it lying on the ground. The actual method of drying varies from district to district. In some places stakes are driven into the ground and the sheaves are tied around them in rings. In other places horizontal poles are stretched between the stakes, from which the rice is hung. In still other places



An old woman from the country coming to town with a load of brush wood for sale. It is used in cooking rice.

trees are grown in rows beside the paddy fields, the lower branches are lopped off, and the trunks used as drying racks. The poles are always carefully preserved from year to year.

Threshing and winnowing the grain are done by hand or with simple hand machinery. The straw is carefully preserved and used in making a great many things, such as coats, sandals, rope, summer screens.

In the silk producing districts, the silk worm season is a time of feverish activity. The farmers' houses are practically given over to the worms. These are kept on straw trays laid on racks built against the walls. Fresh mulberry leaves must be picked and fed to the worms (which, of course, aren't worms at all) at short intervals. Even at night these attentions must be kept up. The house must be kept warm, for the worms are very sensitive to changes in temperature. Altogether they are very exacting creatures and it takes the whole family and the patience of Job to satisfy their needs.

Life in a house full of silkworms can hardly be ideal. The wretched things are far from lovely to look upon, and to any one at all squeamish about "worms" they must be positively revolting. They are large and fat and extraordinarily greedy, filling the whole house with the noise of their collective munchings. Fortunately they are not given to wandering far from their beloved mulberry leaves, but every once in awhile a few do go astray. One gets used to living with them, I suppose.

During slack seasons the farmers engage in various handicrafts, chiefly straw work. They make matting, bags,



Typical farm transport.

rope, sandals, rain coats. Frequently villages specialize in certain products. One village will turn out paper umbrellas, another paper lanterns, still another, the paper itself. These villages are especially interesting to visit. The workers are so deft, quick, and skilful, it is a pleasure to watch them, and their tools are often a marvel of ingenious simplicity. They nearly always work squatting on the floor; of course, often using their feet as well as their hands.

The community life of a Japanese village centres around its shrines and temples. There is nothing in Canada to suggest an equivalent to these. Every mountain and hill has a shrine at its summit and probably several around its base. Every village, of course, has at least one. Even out in the fields



A poor man's funeral.

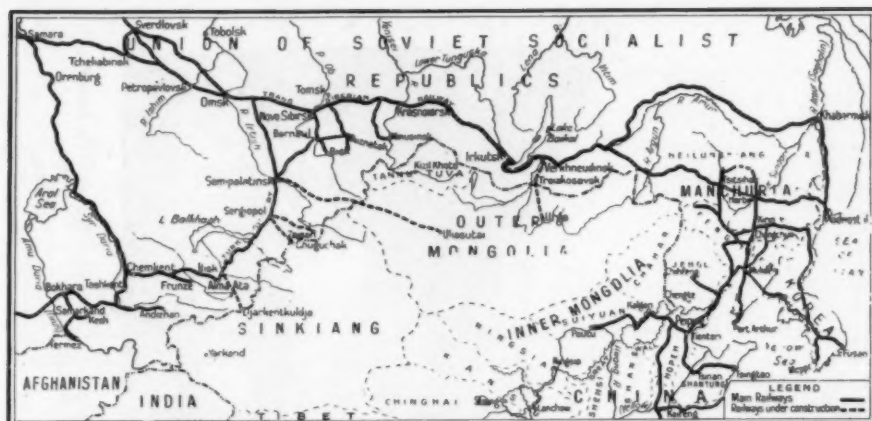
little shrines a foot or two high are dotted here and there.

Now any shrine or temple* of any importance has an annual holy day, and all these holy days must be observed. They are not holidays in our sense, because shops stay open and work goes on except during the very most important ones, but they do mean holidays to different sections of the community. When there is a holiday (*o matsuri*) of an important shrine or temple in a town or city, the country people for miles around flock to town to pay their respects and — more obviously — to have a good time.

Each *o matsuri* has its specialty. Some fall in cherry blossom time and

then cherry viewing and *sake* drinking are the attractions. Some have processions of gaily decorated wagons full of symbolic or historical figures. At some autumn festivals there are displays of fireworks. Always there are food stalls, toy stalls, and vendors of goldfish, trinkets, and cheap household articles, lining the roads leading to the temple. Sometimes there are jugglers, side shows, and even small circuses. Always and always there are crowds of good-natured holiday makers jostling each other and seeming to enjoy it immensely. Though the Japanese country people have few holidays, they certainly know how to make holiday when the opportunity offers.

*The custom is to associate "shrine" with Shinto and "temple" with Buddhist holy places and buildings.



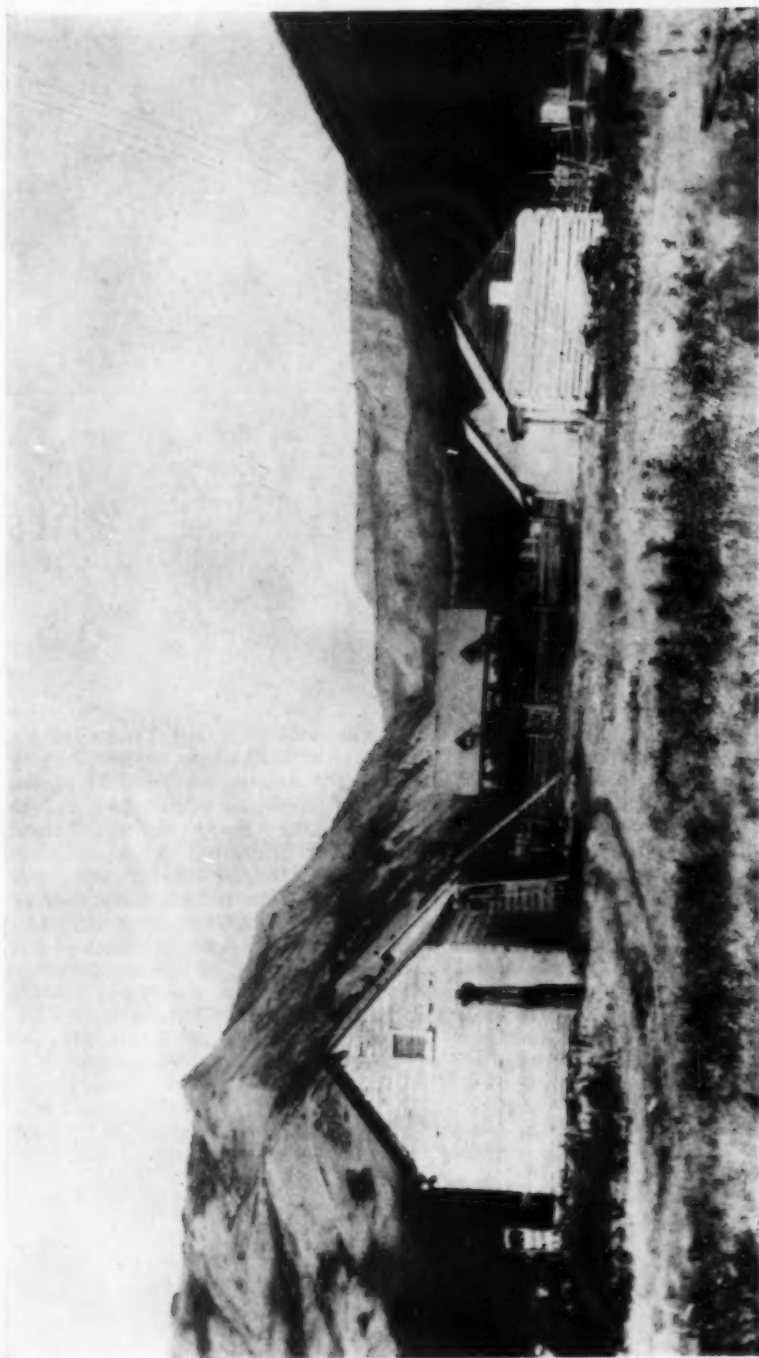
Geography of World Events

THE STRUGGLE FOR MONGOLIA

World interest is centring more and more — so far as Asia is concerned — on that remote region in the very heart of the continent known as Outer Mongolia. Once an outlying province of the Chinese Empire, it is to-day a semi-independent republic, under the influence and largely under the control of Russia. Not many years ago it was accessible only by caravan routes that meant weeks of journey across desert or steppe. Now railways are persistently gravitating toward it or into it from two directions — from Siberia and from Manchoukuo. Along its northern border

runs the double-tracked Trans-Siberian Railway, with its great feeder swinging around the western border of Mongolia, and from these, as will be seen on the accompanying map, strategic lines, building or projected, extend into the land of the Mongols. On the other side similar rail feelers run out toward Inner Mongolia from the transportation system of Manchoukuo. Some students of Far Eastern affairs see in this situation the slow but relentless movement of the U.S.S.R. towards China Proper, and defensive measures of Japan designed to checkmate that movement.





To Crees, Beavers and halfbreeds alike Fort St. John, on the upper Peace River, is known as the Pine Fort. From the point of the conical hill above the building on the extreme left The Wolf and Belyfull threw the Klondykers' wagons and equipment into the ravine.

Old Fort St. John

By PHILIP H. GODSELL

WHEN old Dad Griffin, the mail courier, left the frontier settlement of Peace River Crossing for Fort Dunvegan after the ice had gone out in May, 1912, I rode behind him on my pinto leading a laden pack-horse. Gradually we climbed out of the thousand foot valley on to the broad and undulating stretches of prairie and park lands which were already dotted with the cabins of new settlers.

It was an unwritten law of the land that everyone should leave his cabin door unlocked and his latchstring out, any traveller being at liberty to enter, use the stove and firewood and stretch his blankets on the floor. Failure to observe this code of the frontier was considered a reflection upon the community as a whole and was likely to prove decidedly unpleasant for the offender. Although the Indians and half-breeds roamed everywhere nothing was ever stolen; a splendid tribute to the honesty of the red man before he became contaminated with too much civilization.

We crossed the Peace on the ferry at Fort Dunvegan, once the head post for this region, a beautiful little place situated at the foot of a nine hundred foot elevation facing another verdant hill across the swiftly flowing stream; then continued our way through alternating woods and prairie until we reached Spirit River where settlers were already

commencing to carve out homes for themselves in the land of the redskins. The acquisitive Cree was being quietly dispossessed by the more acquisitive white man, though it was becoming a mere process of peaceful penetration. Here I secured a Cree guide named Joseph Hoole, two additional pack-horses and a supply of rations and ammunition, and we plunged into the woods.

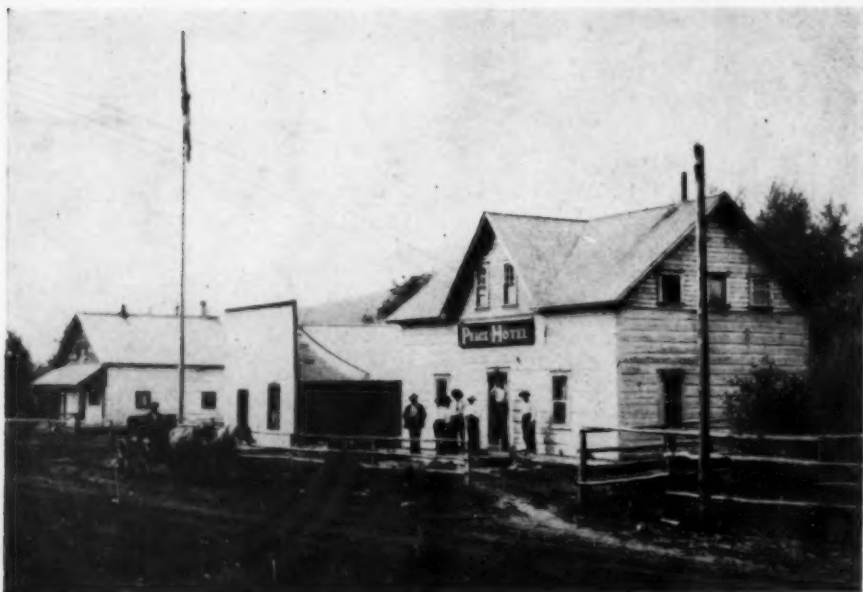
Of the many journeys I have made through the wilderness that ride on horseback over flower-strewn prairies, through deep muskegs, up and down steep cutbanks, along clean jackpine ridges and through almost impenetrable forests alive with every sign of budding life was, I think, the most enjoyable.

At length we reached a Cree and



For nearly forty years Mr. F. W. Bealton was factor at this wilderness outpost and ruled the Beavers with a firm hand encased in velvet. Owing to their truculent nature his life was threatened on more than one occasion. He retired in 1926 and lives at his ranch a couple of miles above the abandoned fort. Mr. Bealton is seen standing beside the old fur press.

Insert: Mrs. Bealton, wife of the factor still beams upon life with a cheery smile. She is the daughter of the late Chief Trader Shaw of Fort Vermillion to whom she insists the Beavers left a large tract of land by private treaty.



Peace River Crossing in 1912, when the writer left on an overland journey to Fort Saint John. Right to left: Allie Brick's "hotel", the "Diamond P" store and the new telegraph office.

Beaver encampment upon Pouce Coupé Prairie and learned that the Pine Fort (Fort St. John), was only "two sleeps" distant. Two evenings later we made camp beside a little spring high up on a lofty plateau. Taking me with him an old Iroquois moose hunter, Napoleon, led the way to the edge of the woods and pointed down below. A thousand feet beneath us the wicked South Pine River roared tumultuously between heavy wooded banks, throwing its swirling waters into those of the Peace some miles below. It was a vast panorama of blue mountains, dark green forest and yellow cutbanks split by swiftly flowing streams. Far off a pointed cone made a jagged break in the skyline and towards this the old Iroquois pointed with the remark: "E-ogo Menahaig-o-Waskarhigan!" (There is the Pine Fort!).

We rafted our supplies across the Pine River, swam the horses, and late that evening came out of the woods into a wide clearing at the edge of which stood the neat barracks of the British Columbia Provincial Police, and beside them the abandoned log buildings which

had been occupied by a detachment of the North West Mounted Police during the days of the Klondyke gold rush. The Peace surged by below us in a brown flood, bearing huge islands of driftwood upon its bosom, for the summer sun was melting the deep snows in the nearby Rockies and the waters were swirling by on their mad race towards the Arctic.

But what particularly held my attention was the sight across the swollen river. Upon a wide flat at the base of a range of jagged purple mountains stood scores upon scores of conical smoke-stained teepees painted a vivid scarlet by the rays of the setting sun. It was the encampment of the pagan Beaver tribe. Horse herds ranged the valleys and the sidehills, the bells about their necks ringing musically in the soft evening breeze. Squaws scolded and shouted, children cried, while an Indian lullaby mingled with the booming of the drums and the staccato song of the gamblers. Far up on the hill some Indian was sending up his quavering medicine song to the Spirits. The place

was vibrant with life, colour and action. It was a primitive picture, made wilder still as the sun flooded the valley with a blood red hue.

As we sat upon our horses I unslung my rifle from its leather sheath beneath the saddle flap and discharged it into the air in the hope that the reverberations would attract the attention of someone on the opposite shore. Beside me, like a statue, sat my Cree guide upon his buckskin, the fringes of his coat swaying gently in the breeze, while behind us a number of Beaver fellow-travelers howled out their songs with all their might. It was some time ere a dark shadow stole out from the northern bank to be whipped out of sight by the force of the mid-stream current.

Half an hour later a half-breed lad and a Beaver Indian came climbing up the bank. After throwing our saddles, bridles and packs into the dugout we slapped our horses on the flanks with our quirts and drove them into the river. Then we tracked our ungainly craft upstream and embarked upon the surging flood. We scrambled ashore beside an Indian sweat lodge, rounded up our horses, threw on the packs and saddles and rode through the village towards the fort.

Small wiry Indians rode here and there, always at a gallop, upon attenuated cayuses with huge buffalo knives stuck in leather scabbards decorated with brass-headed tacks attached to their belts, proudly conscious of their gaudy



Above:—This old Beaver lady remembers the days when Sir George Simpson travelled with pomp and ceremony through the land. She was said to be 115 years of age when the photograph was taken.

Below:—Old Davis (left) and his son, fine types of Beaver Indians. This tribe was encountered by Sir Alexander Mackenzie when he wintered at the junction of the Smokey and the Peace and his comments regarding their character hold good to-day. The Beavers would never intermix with other tribes and as a result of close intermarriage are rapidly decreasing in numbers. They originally occupied the country as far south as the Methye Portage but were driven beyond the Peace River by the Crees.



Sixty miles above the fort the tumultuous waters of the Peace emerge from a narrow canyon where Sir Alexander Mackenzie nearly met with disaster on his overland voyage to the Pacific. A twelve mile road known as the Rocky Mountain Portage now circumvents these impassable rapids.

angora or fringed leather chapps, porcupine-quillworked armbands and coloured aigrettes of eagle down. Powerful, broad-backed squaws bore bundles of firewood or spruce boughs upon their backs or gazed at us with unfriendly looks from the doorway of their lodges. On stages supported by tripods of poles were piled all sorts of hunting and household equipment: striped blankets, wolf and lynx robes, pack-saddles, guns, traps and dried meat, while the pungent haze of smoke which overhung the camp almost brought tears to my eyes. There was a boldness and impudence about these Indians which differed greatly from the respectful attitude of the Crees, and it was obvious that the white man's prestige did not rank very high with this particular tribe.

The French Fort, as Revillon Frères' post was called, had also been a North West Mounted Police barracks at one time, and here I met the factor, Harry Garbitt, clad in the inevitable broad-brimmed Stetson, cord trousers and beaded moccasins.

Having turned the horses over to the guide I entered the log dwelling and was introduced by Harry to Chief Montaignais and his tribesmen, a wild looking crowd, very much upon their dignity, who showed not the slightest trace of white blood and squatted upon their heels as I greeted them with the salutation: "Bo' jou!", which elicited a few grunts or clicking monosyllables. The same bright, alert eyes and impudent mien characterised all these natives whose hands were ever on the go as they supplemented their words with the sign language of the Plains. Many of them had terrible scars upon their necks, the result of scrofula due to close intermarriage. The standard of morality among the Beaver women was far higher than with any of the adjacent tribes and, unlike the Crees, they would have nothing to do with white men or Indians of other tribes, in which they fully bore out the reputation given them by Sir Alexander Mackenzie a hundred and fifty years before.



Within the present century buffalo were killed by the Beavers at Fort St. John. The remnant of the herd are to be found in the Wood Buffalo Park west of Fort Smith, N.W.T. One buffalo can be seen in centre of picture and two reclining on left almost hidden by the foliage.

Shortly after my arrival I paid a visit to the Hudson's Bay fort perched upon the bank just south of the Revillon post. It was the usual square of unpretentious squared log buildings, whitewashed, with a flagpole and a wooden fur press in the courtyard. I received a decidedly cool reception from F. W. Beaton, the factor, an old Orkneyman and a very loyal if bigoted servant of the company, who was married to a Cree woman and had lived at Fort St. John for thirty years or more. Close association with natives had made him far more Indian than white in his outlook upon life, while his one pet aversion was free traders. Against such fancied usurpers of the Company's one-time glory and monopoly he harboured an inveterate hatred and for years at a time he would not set foot upon the soil of Revillon's post, neither would he step aboard an opposition steamer. He was a Hudson's Bay man first, last and always. He also bore a deep-seated grudge against the

intruding white settlers and often deliberately refused to supply them with goods they urgently needed on the grounds that they were required for his Indian hunters. His authority over the dusky dwellers of the woods was remarkable. Twice The Wolf had attempted to stab him in the back for refusing debt but each time he had been saved by the intervention of other Indians and his "medicine" was considered decidedly powerful.

Fort St. John, like all the trading posts in the Peace River valley, had been established by the enterprising North West Company some years after Alexander Mackenzie's memorable overland journey to the Pacific. At first the fort had been situated at the junction of the North Pine, now called the Beaton River, and the Peace. In those days rum formed one of the staple articles of trade. In the summer of 1823 the Beavers had obtained sufficient firewater to whet their appetites. When



A Sickannie Indian. This tribe inhabits the mountainous country north-east of Fort St. John though some now take treaty at the latter post. This tribe destroyed Fort Nelson and massacred the occupants.

they became importunate Guy Hughes, the factor, slammed the gates of the stockade in their faces but the Beavers, now that their senses were inflamed, showed much the same spirit as did their cousins, the Apaches of New Mexico, during more recent times under Chiefs Cochise and Geronimo. Although Hughes and his four employees buried the kegs of liquor deep in the earth it did not avert a tragedy. Determined to possess more firewater the Beavers raided the little fort, slaughtered all the occupants, and left it a mass of smoking ruins. At about the same time their relatives, the Sickannies, destroyed Fort Nelson, two hundred miles north of Fort St. John, where they murdered Alexander Henry and his men. For some years both these posts were abandoned but Fort St. John was later re-established on its present site by Chief Trader Robert Campbell.

But the Beavers remained intractable and difficult to handle. When the Klondyke gold rush took place and gold seekers trickled through this country from Edmonton on their way to the northern El Dorado a detachment of



The writer travelling through the Beaver Indian hunting grounds en route to Fort Nelson.

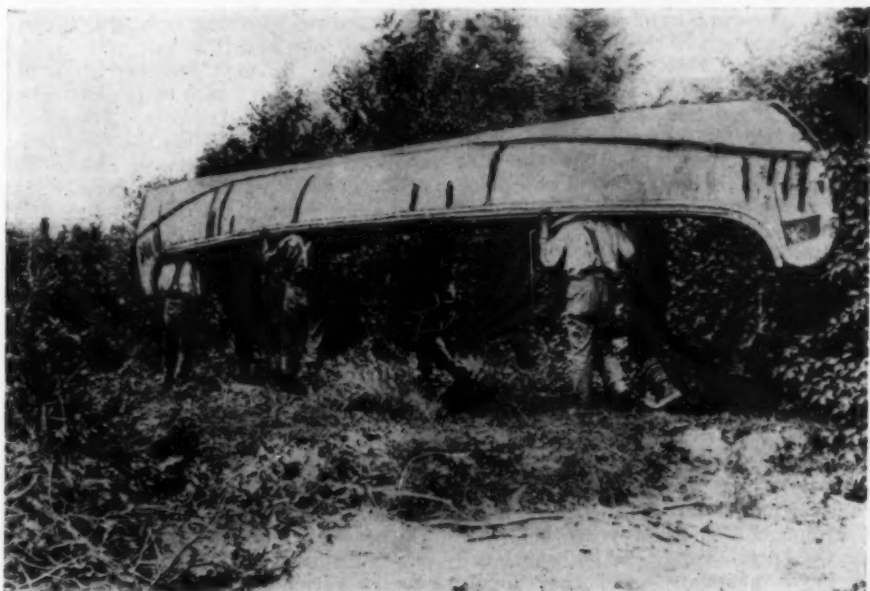
North West Mounted Police under Superintendent Constantine arrived at Fort St. John, erected a barracks and proceeded to construct a wagon road up the thousand foot mountain behind the fort and across the wooded plateau beyond. Shortly afterwards a party of gold seekers arrived at the fort and, after unbelievable toil, at last succeeded in hauling their heavy wagons and equipment to the top of the hill where they camped beside the ravine. A few days before a young man connected with an entirely different party shot an Indian horse under the impression that it was a wild one. While the gold seekers slept, a motley horde of Sick-annies and Beavers, led by Bellyfull and The Wolf, swooped down upon the camp, scattered and destroyed the equipment, and tumbled horses and wagons into the ravine where they were dashed to pieces on the rocks below. As late as 1926 I saw the mouldering remains lying just where they had been thrown nearly thirty years before.

Fort St. John was perhaps the most cosmopolitan place in the entire Indian country when I first saw it; the last trading post to preserve many of the



The Sarcees broke away from the Beavers, according to tradition, over a fight about a dog and so harried the warlike Blackfeet that they were glad to take them under their wing. They now live upon a reserve near Calgary and have been reduced to less than 200.

Courtesy of Dr. Diamond Jenness.



In the days before steamers and York boats the voyageurs of the North West Company conveyed freight three thousand miles to its destination at Fort St. John. Large North canoes were used as far as Rainy Lake, but from there smaller canoes capable of carrying only twenty-seven "pieces" were employed owing to the narrowness of many of the streams.



On the site of the old Beaver racecourse now stands a thriving little settlement. Beaver Indians at the Hudson's Bay post at Fish Creek after the "old fort" was abandoned in 1923.

characteristics of those that had dotted the plains before twin ribbons of steel spelled the doom of the Indians and fur trader in the West. The Beavers resembled the Plains tribes in many respects: in the use of the horse, their nomadic existence, and in practising the sign language. In 1906 the last killing of buffalo had occurred at a point close to the present trail from the post on the flats to Fish Creek, and only three miles from the present fort. The whitened skulls and bones of these monarchs of the plains still littered the camp sites in the valley and told of a time not far distant when buffalo must still have been very plentiful in the Upper Peace.

Further colour was given to the place by the presence of a number of non-descript half-breed and white trappers, and by three lodges of long-haired Saulteaux who were said to have killed a Mounted Policeman years before in the Qu'Appelle valley and had continued to move westward until they finally sought sanctuary in the foothills. Moonias, their leader, was a magnificent

savage, six foot six in height, as straight as an arrow with characteristic Indian features, long braids of hair and a scalp lock which he kept swathed in otter skin and decorated with empty cartridge shells and other trinkets. To avoid antagonising the Beavers the Saulteaux confined themselves more or less to the Moberly Lake region south of the Peace, and only crossed the river when they came to trade. Wherever they went they carried with them a medicine pipe and bundle upon the back of a milk-white steed.

There had been a tremendous run of lynx and nearly five thousand pelts of these animals had been traded at the two posts that season. As none of the Indians understood the value of money trading was done with the primitive currency of the backwoods, called by the fur traders "Made Beaver". In explanation I might remark that while the beaver skin was the original standard of exchange between fur trader and savage this became too cumbersome a unit when smaller articles of trade were introduced. So in order to create smaller



Fort Dunvegan, once the headquarters for the fur traders in the Peace River area. At the time this photograph was taken town lots were being sold for from three to seven hundred dollars and more on the hillsides on either bank of the river.

change the Hudson's Bay Company evolved a unit they called the Made Beaver, which varied at different posts from thirty-five cents to a dollar in value. All goods on the shelves were valued in Made Beaver as were the furs brought in by the natives. For every Made Beaver in value the native was given a brass token, a short goose quill, or a stick which he arranged upon the counter before him and surrendered in exchange for goods as he purchased them until all were exhausted, as though the tokens were actually money. At Fort St. John the value of a Made Beaver was thirty-five cents, and as we were paying fifty of them for a lynx skin (the equivalent of \$17.50 a pelt) I was kept busy morning, noon and night for a constant procession of riders and pack-ponies moved up and down the hill between the village at the fort and a still larger one at Fish Creek. The hunters would canter up proudly, leading two or three ponies with bulky packs upon their backs, toss the bundles carelessly into the trading store and

squat upon the floor, watching beneath narrowed lids the effect of their big hunts upon their fellow tribesmen, for furs to the Beavers were what scalps had been to the Blackfeet and the Sioux, and a man's distinction rested upon his ability as a hunter.

Young bucks would barter pelts for silk scarves, cowboy hats, buffalo knives and trinkets, and would go galloping up the hill to stake them on the pony races which were a nightly event at their primitive race-course near the upper village. All night long fires glowed in the lodges about the fort and the place echoed to the booming of the tom-toms and the chant of the gamblers: "Aha-uh! Aha-uh! Aha-uh!", as they staked clothing, tobacco, guns and even their ponies on the palming of a bullet. Sleep was almost out of the question!

Although most of the game had been destroyed along the lower Peace during a terrible winter some sixty years before, Fort St. John was situated in a veritable hunter's paradise, as the country still simply teemed with animal life. In

August bears roamed the sidehills almost like cattle, raiding the berry bushes in unbelievable numbers, while grizzlies lurked in the valleys and twice that summer they decided to take a stroll about the flat, putting the inmates of the camp to flight. The woods were filled with moose and deer, the mountain streams with beaver, and in the Rockies to the westward were to be found bighorn sheep and goats, wolves, coyotes, lynx, while rabbits made countless runways through the forests.

The rafters of both posts sagged under the loads of pelts suspended from them, and I am quite safe in saying that not less than six hundred bear skins were shipped down to the Crossing when the S.S. *Peace River* came along that summer.

Small wonder, therefore, that the Beavers resented the presence of white men in their hunting grounds, and looked with suspicion and distrust upon the Government surveyors as they dug holes in the ground and slashed down the trees for no apparent purpose. At first they thought it was just another manifestation of paleface foolishness and were merely contemptuous and suspicious. A glimmering of the truth must have eventually dawned upon them for some of the young firebrands openly expressed their intention of shooting these white men and driving the others into the river. This I put down to mere bravado but Mr. Beaton thought otherwise and was afraid that one day these young bucks would run amok and perpetrate a ghastly tragedy.

One night I was aroused by my interpreter, Isan Noseky, dashing into my house, leading his squaw by the hand and shouting for a rifle. The woman was as white as it was possible for an Indian to get, and Noseky was beside himself with rage. The Wolf, it appeared, had attacked his wife while he was gambling with the Beavers.

Next evening a group of surveyors came down the hill and joined the other whites to watch a game of ball between the Beavers and the Crees. Suddenly The Wolf stalked into the centre of the field, waving his arms and shouting lustily to his fellow tribesmen who sat around upon their ponies.

"Good God!" cried Beaton, and his face blanched as he seized my arm convulsively, "he's telling the Beavers to get their guns, clean up on us and seize the stores. Quick! Get hold of the Crees and take them over to your place while I try and quieten these d Beavers. Whatever you do don't sell them any ammunition!"

Meanwhile Noseky had dashed with upraised fist upon The Wolf only to be seized by a surveyor before he was able to strike him and precipitate a crisis. Calling to Appasasin I led the Crees over to the French post while Chief Montaignais, with Beaton beside him, harangued the Beavers who were milling excitedly here and there, and finally herded them over to the Hudson's Bay. It was a closer shave than I realized until it was over, and I noticed that the surveyors lost little time in getting up the hill.

The following summer I left for a visit to the Old Country and not until twelve years later did I visit the Beaver tribe again. The old fort had been abandoned and not a single teepee dotted the valley. For miles along the river bank the forest had entirely disappeared. The black loam had been turned up by the ploughshares of settlers, and their cabins dotted the landscape everywhere. Upon a reservation, six miles to the northward, a few lone lodges housed all that was left of the once proud Beaver tribe. At Fish Creek, the site of the old village and race course, a modern store catered to the settlers. The great days of the free Indian, the Fur Lord and the factor had departed, never to return.



What was the old harbour of Carthage in the ancient days of its fame. A few scholastics of the White Fathers are enjoying the scenery and the view of the Cathedral of Carthage on the Hill of Byrsa.

A Canadian in Carthage

By GORDON H. FOURNIER

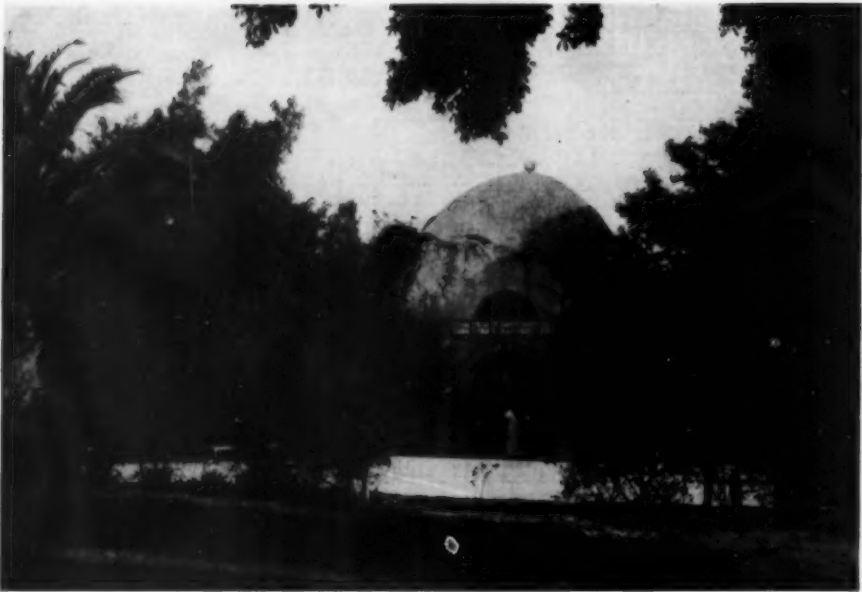
Ed. Note: Some years ago the Editor met a group of Canadian students on a transatlantic steamship. They were on their way to Tunis to enter the novitiate of the Société des Missionnaires d'Afrique, commonly known as the White Fathers. They came from various parts of Canada, and were a very intelligent, well-informed and entirely likeable lot of young Canadians, who might be counted on to do credit to their country wherever they might go or whatever they might do. With one of them in particular, a native of New Brunswick, who had lived for some little time on a prairie farm, the Editor discovered that he had many things in common, and they have kept up a fairly regular correspondence. What follows is taken from Father Fournier's letters — he has completed his period of preparation for his missionary vocation — over a period of about four years. They are both interesting and valuable as the unstudied impressions of a young Canadian in an entirely new environment — a son of the New World on the south shore of the Mediterranean where the Arab of to-day wanders about the ruins of the immemorial past. Father Fournier is now a member of the White Fathers, and awaits his orders to a missionary post somewhere in the heart of Africa, proud to serve with that devoted Order that has done so much to bring light to the Dark Continent.

HERE I am at Thibar, our model farm, which produces enough to supply the scholasticate at Carthage, more than 250 students. In the early ages Thibar was a thriving town, to-day nothing but ruins remain to show its past glory. At the monastery there is preserved a letter by St. Cyprien, then Bishop of Carthage, exhorting the Christians of Thibar to bear up under bitter persecution. It is hard to realize that at one time in history more than six hundred bishops served at the same time in Northern Africa.

Three of the Fathers from Carthage are here with us for a period of ten days

to improve their knowledge of Arabic, by moving about among the people. The other day I had an opportunity of going with one of them to a village called Men-gouch. The Father talked and read Arabic all day while I sat with great joy and listened. Arabs love to hear each other talk. We stopped at three different gourbis or villages, at the homes of meddids or teachers of the Koran. The Father would read some poetry or tell a little story to which a moral was attached.

In the afternoon I was present for the first time at a Koran class. The pupils sat on mats about their teacher. On a large wooden tablet there



A beautiful mosque in the vicinity of Carthage. A White Father is seen in front of it.

was written a verse of the Koran, of course in Arabic, which was read in a sing-song manner while swaying the body to and fro. Many of the verses were not understood by the pupils since the Arabic used is literary, but apparently it was not considered necessary that they should. The Father amazed them all, and rather put them to shame, by offering to recite any verse of the Koran after one of the Arabs. When the poor Mussulman proved himself incapable of doing so, the Father recited two or three verses from memory.

A short distance away from Thibar are the ruins of another town, Dougga. It is said to have been built in the year 261 during the reign of Septimus Severus. I do not believe there is another ancient Roman city that can boast of so many wonderful monuments as Dougga. The Capitol, amphitheatre and temples of Saturn and Coelestis, or what remains of them, leave one filled with admiration and awe. In the rich villas beautiful mosaics are still in fair preservation. On the paved roads one can see the ruts made by heavy Roman

chariots. Dougga was, I believe, a sort of winter resort where rich Romans came for a holiday. A small Christian village stands to-day on the site of Thibar with a number of Arab gourbis.

Both Christians and Arabs are employed on the farm. We have an up-to-date machine shop, carpenter shop, bakery, shoemaker shop and a wine cellar. Cattle-raising and sheep-raising are a specialty. The Zebu cow, known in all Northern Africa, is a product of this farm. It is cross-bred. The field work and shops are under the care of lay-Brothers.

I am very happy at Thibar. There is something here, perhaps the farm, that brought back memories of the vast plains of our own Canadian west, and the quiet homely life I loved so well. It is part of my duty to teach a class of about twenty-five young Arabs between the ages of five and fourteen. French, of course, is the language I use. I wish you could see them. They are artful and full of life, and their names sound funny to our ears, Mohammed ben Smain, Abede-rha Mane, Naji and so



A bird's eye view of the Carthage of today, showing the Primatial Cathedral of Carthage and the White Fathers' Scholasticate, where twenty-two Canadians are studying.

on. None of them are Christians, and it is not permitted to speak a word of religion, except the general Truth, but I have grown very fond of them.

A few weeks ago I had the joy of beholding snow again. It seems so odd to associate snow with Africa! It was on a range of Mount Atlas, where we had tramped for a holiday. Imagine the joy of a group of young Canadians having a snow-battle in Africa! It is good to feel it running down your spine. From the summit we got a wonderful view of the countryside.

I am back again in Carthage, and had the opportunity of spending a day among the Arabs. One of our most important occupations, outside the daily curriculum of scholastic life, is the care of sick Arabs, and occasional visits to their homes. Last Thursday I visited several Bedouin tents for the first time. These nomads come from far-off Tripoli for the harvest season. On the way, in the vicinity of Tunis, we stopped at a little town to repair a bicycle. There I was amused by two old Arabs going from door to door begging. One, who

was blind, recited in a sing-song voice verses of the Koran, and after each the other would murmur a solemn "Amin". When an alms was given they continued the verses, but in a different tone. It must be said that the Arabs are generous, and alms-giving is demanded by the Koran.

After departing from the little town we left the main road in search of a nomad tent which the chief doctor desired to visit. Unable to proceed on our bicycles, we made the rest of the journey on foot. Coming near the tent we were first greeted by a number of dogs. That is always our first pre-occupation in visiting an Arab home. I believe in the protection of dumb animals, but think that Arab dogs might be excluded. With them I make use of all my ability as a former baseball pitcher.

But we were not the only ones to take up an attitude of defence. Several of the people of the gourbi were soon on our side. At the tent we were warmly welcomed by the owner. The Arab greeting is very beautiful. He



Village mother and child.

gives you a kind of double hand-shake, brings his forefinger to his lips and then to his breast, at the same time exchanging with his visitor a series of salutations according to his dignity. We were then invited into the tent.

It was a large black tent, characteristic of the nomad, made of sheep's wool and camel's hair. In it may be found all the wealth of the Arab, two or three hens, a donkey, sometimes a goat, a few kitchen utensils, and a suspended cradle for the young baby, to protect it against the coolness of the night after the sun goes down. The camel, an absolute necessity to the nomad, is tied to the tent post.

These men know what it is to struggle for existence. Hardened by suffering, they often have a cold and savage appearance. Death comes to them often because of their lack of knowledge of hygiene. The children in particular are carried off in great numbers; only

the fittest survive. The nomads live isolated because the sedentary Arabs are afraid of them, both for themselves and their goods.

Within the particular tent we visited we found a young woman lying on a mat, wasted with suffering. She had given birth to her first child three months before, and she had not arisen since. She was unable to nurse her child, who all this time had been fed by two other women of the tent. She suffered and had suffered much, but always silently. The Arab woman knows suffering and has learned to endure it. Some carry on their ordinary duties a few hours after bringing a child into the world.

We continued our journey. On the other side of Tunis we came upon another encampment of Bedouins. The tents were not like the one we had first visited, but merely old rags sewed together. About fifty camels were feeding here and there. The little urchins came out to greet us with their salutations: "Greetings, Fathers — Give us goodies — Give us medicine." We were then surrounded by men, women and children. This one had sore eyes, another headaches, and so forth. We did not remain long here as they had been visited recently.

It was then time to find a shady spot where we might eat our midday meal. This we found near the ruins of a Roman aqueduct that once carried water from the Zaghouan mountains to Carthage, a distance of eighty miles — 56,000,000 pints a day! The water was fed into large reservoirs, and both the aqueduct and reservoirs were still intact in the 20th Century. Three hundred of the arcades are still standing outside Tunis. This gigantic water system

was built by Hadrian, and the flow of water was first cut by the vandal Gelimar when he was trying to recapture Carthage from Belisaurus. It was restored by the Byzantine general and again cut by the Arab leader Hassan. The Arabs repaired it, but for Tunis only. In the 16th century it was completely put out of use by the Spaniards. The Government still utilizes some of the reservoirs for the distribution of water. I have been inside one of the conduits and could stand up easily in it. The owner of the farm through which it went told me that he had travelled a good distance in it on a log raft towards one of the reservoirs.

It was a charming stop where we rested in the middle of the day, and we enjoyed the view over the countryside. This is the most pleasant season of the year in Northern Africa. The vineyards are in full leaf, the fruit trees in blossom, the fields covered with multi-coloured flowers. In one of these fields I saw a small negro boy standing and watching us go by. Surrounded by flowers his little black head shone like a jewel. In the distance we saw a number of large tents, which we had not expected to find in that region. On approaching them we found they were Arab shepherds. They made us welcome. Their large flocks of sheep and goats roamed about the country in search of pasture. There were no sick to be cared for here, but I knew from the torn face of one of the women that death had recently visited one of her dear ones.

When at Thibar I had once witnessed this terrible scene. I had gone to visit one of my little pupils, who was slowly



The native hairdresser does his business in the street.

dying of consumption. On coming near the gourbi I knew by the awful noise that he had died. The little fellow was lying on a bed of straw outside the tent, surrounded by all the neighbours. The men stood about calmly, several of them weeping, but the women were grouped together a short distance away, shrieking and tearing their faces with their finger nails until the blood came. To the Mohammedans this is a sign of sorrow.

At Carthage we occupy the Citadel which once upon a time defied Imperial Rome. Cato, you remember, could never finish a speech without reminding his hearers that Carthage must be destroyed. Then a city of half a million, it is now reduced to 500. It fell successively into the hands of the Romans, Vandals, Turks and Arabs, and under the latter, Carthage fell rapidly in power and prestige. In the 12th century another Arab invasion, under that



A typical Bedouin tent visited by White Fathers on a "sick tour".



The Arab women have a hard life as can be imagined from the faggots with which these two are burdened.



A household group grinding corn by primitive means.



A typical desert oasis.



The remains of one of the great Roman aqueducts which carried water from the mountains to Carthage. Even today some of these aqueducts serve their original purpose.

terrible scourge Add-el-moumen, brought Carthage to a deplorable end. For centuries it was a resort of pirates and slave traders, and if one may judge from the appearance of some of the Arabs of to-day, there is some of this foreign blood in their veins.

St. Vincent de Paul when a young man was captured in the Mediterranean and sold as a slave at Tunis. In a letter he writes: "The auction of the prisoners took place only after they had stripped us of all clothing. With hands chained, and only a bonnet on our heads, we were led through the streets of Tunis, where we were to be sold. Having marched us through the town five or six times, we were brought back to the ship, so that the buyers could remark those who ate well and those who did not, and to show that our wounds were not mortal. This done, we were brought to the place where the buyers visited us, and then everything followed just as at a horse sale. They made us open the mouth, to examine our teeth, digged us between the ribs, touched without mercy our wounds, made us walk, trot and run,

then loaded us heavily, and finally grappled with us to find our physical strength, and a thousand other brutalities."

In 1881 the French army arrived at Carthage, and the same year the Bey was compelled to place his country under the protection of France. To-day Tunis is still a protectorate. The Bey resides about three miles away during the summer months. Only a few ruins now remain of what was once the proud city of the Carthaginians. Where once stood the great Citadel now rises the magnificent cathedral and scholasticate of the White Fathers.

The new life that has been brought to ancient Carthage is due to the vision and enthusiasm of the late Cardinal Lavigère, Archbishop of Algiers. Having obtained land from the French Government, he established the Society of the White Fathers, which he had founded for the evangelisation of the Continent, on Byrsa Hill, and the Convent of the White Sisters, which he also had founded, on the Hill of Juno opposite Byrsa. This was half a century ago, and in the



Missionaries giving medical aid to the sick of a native village.



Five Canadians resting after a weary hike in the mountains. They are in front of "el jema" or the meeting place of the "ancients" of the village.



A glimpse of the village of Sidi-Bou-Saïd, 15 miles north of Tunis.

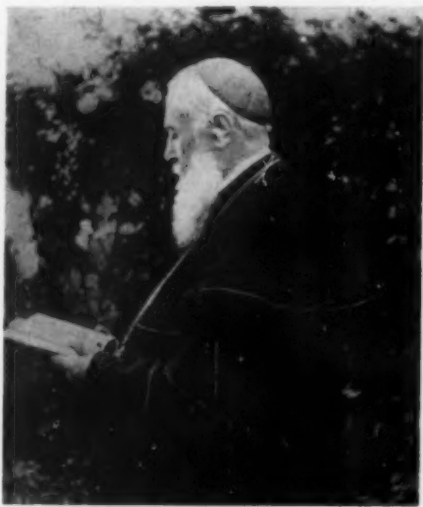
intervening years hundreds of students, of many nations, have received their training at Carthage and have consecrated their lives to Africa. Since 1882 almost 150 Canadians have joined the White Fathers. Four of them are now bishops in central Africa.

But the great Cardinal was not even content with this. He established a Museum at Carthage, and put it under the direction of Father Delattre. For fifty years the latter devoted himself to the cause of archaeology. By patient digging he proved to the world that several distinct civilizations had

left their records on the site of Carthage; with indefatigable skill he restored columns, statues and inscriptions. He catalogued them

and made them known to the world of scholarship. He reconstructed the topography of Carthage and before his death, at the age of 82, he had become thoroughly familiar with its streets and squares, its public and private buildings. He knew Carthage as probably no other living man could know it.

The world owes a debt of gratitude to Father Delattre and a double debt to Cardinal Lavigère.



Cardinal Lavigère, founder of the White Fathers Society.



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Conrad Veidt will shortly appear in two new Gaumont-British pictures—"The Passing of the Third Floor Back", and "King of the Damned." Be sure to see them when they come to your theatre.

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Editor's Note Book

Our Contributors

In Charting the Great Lakes Mr Roy Fleming, of Ottawa, tells us something worth while about a little-known part of the same field dealt with by the Surveyor General in his article on Mapping Canada in the January number. P. H. Godsell, an old contributor to the *Journal*, gives his readers an intimate account of one of the historic trading posts on Peace River. T. H. Inkster takes us farther afield in Arctic Vagabonding. In A Canadian in Carthage Father Fournier's letters are drawn upon to describe the life of that praiseworthy Order the White Fathers in their training school near Tunis. Another Canadian, E. H. Cassidy, takes us with him to the other side of the world, and gives us glimpses of village life in Japan, a very different thing from the more familiar life in such great centres as Tokio or Kyoto.

God Save the King!

So much has already been said, in magazines and newspapers and over the radio, about the personality of His Late Majesty and of Edward VIII, that little remains that should not be taken for granted. Every member of the Canadian Geographical Society feels deeply the loss of one who had won universal respect as a monarch and universal affection as a man. Many instances have been recalled, here and elsewhere as well as in the Mother Country, of his tact and never-failing kindliness, and his fine sense of public duty. George V had become in a very real sense the father of his country, and that was the far-flung British Commonwealth. Something was revealed of his simple life as a country gentleman at Sandringham, and his intimate relations with those who knew him affectionately as 'The Squire', in an article in the *Journal* last May. His relationship to his people, a relationship that helps to explain the fact that there exists to-day, even in this age of constitutional experiments, no measur-

able sentiment for a change, reminds one of an incident described by Benson in his life of Victoria. Some one stood outside the gates of Buckingham Palace, around which an excited crowd was milling. "What has happened?" he asked of one of the guards. The reply, in its homely simplicity, throws more light on the relationship between the British people and their last four monarchs than all the eloquence of statesmen and writers — "Mother's come 'ome!" Widely though they may differ in gifts and temperament, no one who has watched the life of the present King can doubt that in his devotion to the well-being of his people, he will follow in the footsteps of his father.

Ojibway School

Through a regrettable error in the article "Ojibway of the Lake of the Woods", in the January number, the support of the Cecilia Jeffrey Indian School was attributed to the United Church. The School is carried on by the Women's Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Canadian Buffalo for Europe

As a result of arrangements completed between the National Parks Service of the Dominion Department of the Interior and the Berlin (Germany) Zoological Gardens, twenty buffalo from the Dominion's national parks will be used in breeding experiments with European bison. The shipment of nineteen cows and one bull selected from the national herd in Buffalo National Park at Wainwright, Alberta, is now on its way to Germany.

At present the known number of European bison total not more than seventy animals distributed in England, the Netherlands, Sweden, Poland, Hungary, Austria, Switzerland, and Germany, and international efforts fostered by the American Bison Society are being made to preserve this species from becoming extinct. Dr. Lutz Heck, Di-



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rector of the Berlin Zoological Gardens, to whom the Canadian buffalo are consigned, has taken a leading part in the plan for the perpetuation of the European bison and under his direction the animals from Wainwright will be distributed to various parts of Germany where there are small herds of European bison. By means of cross-breeding and subsequent "out-breeding" it is expected a pure-bred herd of European bison will be developed and the perpetuation of this animal thus assured.

The story of the inception of the herd in Buffalo National Park is one of the most interesting in the annals of wild life conservation. In 1907 the Government of Canada had an opportunity to purchase a pure-bred herd of buffalo from Michael Pablo, a shrewd half-breed of Ronan, Montana, who had developed a herd of almost 1,000 from an original herd which he had purchased from the Mission of St. Ignatius. It required almost three years to round up and load 672 animals and pending the completion of Buffalo Park, the earlier

deliveries of buffalo were made to Elk Island National Park at Lamont, Alberta.

The transfer of the buffalo from Elk Island Park to Wainwright was commenced in 1909 and a total of 631 head was safely transferred to the new park. The balance of the Pablo herd was left at Elk Island Park. The growth of the herds at Buffalo and Elk Island Parks was rapid and in 1923-24 the numbers had increased to such an extent that the grazing capacity of Buffalo Park was in danger of being over-taxed. A policy of annually disposing of a number of animals was adopted and in the intervening years 6,673 animals were shipped from Wainwright to the Wood Buffalo Park near Fort Smith in the Northwest Territories and 12,257 have been slaughtered and the meat, heads, and hides disposed of by sale. Animals donated to zoological gardens in different parts of Canada, in the United States, and in countries overseas number in the hundreds. Notwithstanding these annual reductions in the herds there are,



Mount Hewitt Bostock

according to a recent report, 4,763 buffalo in Buffalo National Park and 2,126 in Elk Island Park. To these figures should be added those for the 1935 calf crop in the two parks which was approximately 1,200, and seventy odd in the exhibition herds at Banff National Park in Alberta and Riding Mountain National Park in Manitoba.

Mount Hewitt Bostock

It is eminently fitting that the Geographic Board of Canada should have named a peak in British Columbia after a man who had given so many years to the welfare of the province. Hewitt Bostock came to Canada in 1893, and thereafter made his home on his large stock ranch on Monte creek, a tributary of the South Thompson river, a few miles east of Kamloops. He was elected to the Dominion Parliament in 1896 for the Yale-Cariboo district of British Columbia; was appointed to the Senate in 1904; became Liberal leader of the Senate in 1914; and its Speaker in 1922. Two years afterwards he represented Canada at the meeting of the League of Nations. A statesman of broad views, he was interested in everything that made for the progress and well-being of the Dominion, but his particular affec-

tion was reserved for the far-western province.

Mount Hewitt Bostock, elevation 7,136 feet, is in the Stoyoma Range, south of the Nicola river and between the Goldwater and Fraser rivers, in British Columbia.

Rogers Pass

In a letter published in the *Vancouver Daily Province*, Mr Noel Robinson of Vancouver says that Walter Moberly, who was associated with exploration in British Columbia and with the early history of the Canadian Pacific Railway, told him that Rogers Pass was discovered by his assistant Albert Perry in 1866 and was improperly named after Major Rogers. Mr Moberly is quoted to have said "It is a well known fact among contemporaries like Mr Cambie, who were engaged in the building of the C. P. R., that Major Rogers did not see the Pass until many years later, and, as a matter of fact, never passed through it before the railway was built."

Mr Robinson embodied this and a good deal of other interesting information in regard to the early history of the West in a book published some years ago, and now quite rare, entitled *Blazing the Trail through the Rockies*.

Travel — Adventure — Recreation

Map of Part of Richelieu Valley

That part of the historic Richelieu valley which extends from a few miles above Chambly Basin and includes the canal of that name, continuing south to below the City of St. John and taking in the country between St. Cesaire on the east and Laprairie on the west, has recently been mapped by the Geographical Section of the Department of National Defence, using air photographs taken by the Royal Canadian Air Force, together with data secured by other means. The name given to the new map sheet is "St. Johns," and it is one of more than 1,000 maps of different parts of Canada that are distributed by the Topographical and Air Survey Bureau, Department of the Interior, as listed in its catalogue of publications which is supplied to applicants without charge.

A study of the subject shows that the area covered by the new map is rich in historical interest. The Richelieu River, discovered by Champlain in 1609, was at different times also known as the Iroquois, the Chambly, and the Sorel River, before it acquired its present name. For many years its waters bore the birch-bark canoes of Indian war parties, and as a protection against the Iroquois the French in 1665 decided to construct a chain of forts along the river and in this way Forts Chambly, Sorel, and Ste. Therese came into being. Fort Chambly was built by Jacques de Chambly, a captain of the Carignan Regiment; Fort Sorel by Pierre de Sorel, a captain of the same regiment; and Fort Ste. Therese by M. de Salières. The massive stone walls of Fort Chambly have been repaired and where necessary restored by the National Parks Branch, Department of the Interior, so that they may be preserved for the benefit and enjoyment of Canadians and tourists from other countries. Memorials have also been erected by the Department to mark the sites of Forts Sorel and Ste. Therese; also Fort St. Jean, constructed in 1748; Fort Laprairie, built in 1687;



Right: An everyday scene in Kruger National Park



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the Second Battle of Laprairie in 1691; the Chambly Canal begun in 1831 and completed in 1843; and one of the terminals of the first railway built in Canada, which opened for traffic in 1836 over a line constructed of wooden rails between St. Johns and Laprairie.

The village of Chambly, one of the important centres of population shown on the map, is situated twenty-one miles east of Montreal on an expansion of the Richelieu river known as Chambly Basin, within close proximity to which water-power installations furnish electrical energy to the surrounding territory. The town of Marieville appears on the map about seven miles east of Chambly, while the city of St. Johns is shown to the south on the Richelieu river. Opposite St. Johns, on the other side of the river, is the town of Iberville. By means of canals along the course of the Richelieu, water transportation is carried on between points on the St. Lawrence and New York city, via Lake Champlain and the Hudson river.

Athabaska Goldfields

The Topographical and Air Survey Bureau of the Department of the Interior of Canada has issued three new map sheets, Tazin Lake, Fond du Lac and Stony Rapids, which cover most of the territory around Lake Athabaska except the extreme western portion, and include the region in which gold-mining was particularly active in 1935.

Lake Athabaska is the most southerly of the great lakes comprised in the Mackenzie basin. It is a long and comparatively narrow body of water, extending in a generally easterly direction from its outlet for 195 miles. Its greatest width is about thirty-five miles and its shore line is 520 miles long. The lake is 2,762 square miles in area, and about 700 feet above sea level. Excellent whitefish, lake trout, and pickerel are caught within its waters and shipped to western markets.

The area north of Lake Athabaska is attracting considerable attention among mining men, as rather spectacular discoveries of gold have been reported in several localities and many claims have been staked in the main areas. One centres on Beaverlodge lake and the

other extends southerly from Tazin lake to lake Athabaska. Showings of ore containing gold, silver, nickel, copper, and lead have resulted in extensive staking of claims and several strong companies are on the ground, carrying on development work. Supplies can be brought in and ore taken out at comparatively low cost on account of direct transportation facilities by water via the Athabaska river to Waterways, with rail connections at that point.

The discoveries were made during the latter part of 1934 and it was not long before many prospectors were on the ground and many locations staked over 1,000 claims being recorded before the end of the year. The Department of Natural Resources of the province of Saskatchewan it is reported is now planning the establishment of a town-site, probably on the shores of Cornwall bay.

The district surrounding the lake abounds in game, both large and small, almost all of the smaller fur-bearing animals being found in the region.

The larger lakes other than Athabaska and Beaverlodge, within the area shown on the three maps, are Tazin, Ens, Harper, Archibald, Selwyn, Dodge, Black, Scott, Richards, Engler, Riou, Fontaine, and Premier. Hundreds of smaller lakes, rivers and streams are also indicated, as the maps were prepared from information secured by air photography, through which method the vast network of waterways within the districts is depicted in great detail.

Fond du Lac, the main settlement shown on the maps, is near the eastern end of Lake Athabaska, and is a trading outpost of Chipewyan to the west.

The maps also provide information regarding trails and portages, rapids, and falls; marshes, bogs, and open muskeg country; woods and elevations. They have been prepared on a scale of four miles to one inch and are the bureau's most recent additions to its National Topographic series that eventually will cover the entire Dominion. Each of the maps is of a uniform size, 30 inches by 24 inches, and may be obtained at 25 cents a copy, in the regular form, on application to the Surveyor General, Ottawa.

Amongst the New Books

A new atlas, or a new edition of an old atlas, by the old established firm of Bartholomew, is always an event of importance in Geography. And therefore we welcome *The Citizen's Atlas of the World* (Edinburgh: John Bartholomew and Son, 1935, 42/.). In addition to the maps, which are executed with the precision and accuracy always associated with the name of Bartholomew, and embody the latest information, there are a number of special features that will be found very convenient for purposes of reference. These include Etymology of Place Names; Principal Journeys of Exploration; the Great Mountains, Rivers, Lakes and Inland Seas, with their respective elevations, length and area; a Route Chart of Exploration; Population of the Principal Lands and Cities; Area and Population of the British Empire; Great Ship Canals and Bridges and their Dimensions; Flags of all Nations. The Atlas also contains a very complete Index to Geographical Names, with a convenient key to the maps. Among the special maps one that will be of particular interest is of the world showing air mail routes. Others deal with temperature, rainfall, vegetation and ocean currents, occupations of man, population, races and religions, political divisions, time zones, telegraphs and telephones.

* * *

A well-arranged, compact and accurate Geography has been prepared for use in Canadian schools, *Public School Geography* (Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co., 1934). It is designed for Grade V, and deals with North America. Particular attention is given to Canada, but there is also adequate treatment of the United States, Mexico, Central America, Newfoundland and the West Indies.

* * *

Among recent publications in the field of Geography, the Saint John Harbour Commissioners have issued one that is of unusual interest, *The Romance of a Great Port*, by Frederick William Wallace. Both text and illustrations are

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admirable. A similar publication is William Henry Atherton's *History of the Harbour Front of Montreal* (Montreal: City Improvement League). The *Newfoundland* volume in the series "Life Overseas", is published by George Philip & Son, London, 6d. The Memel situation and public interest in such places as Danzig and Gdynia, make very timely the publication, by the Baltic Institute, of *Baltic Countries*, which appears as a serial. The first number of the first volume contains important articles on geographical, historical and economic questions within the Baltic area.

* * *

The Public Archives of Nova Scotia has issued as its Publication No. 2 an important series of documents throwing light on the early history of Cape Breton, detailed accounts of the colony and its people in the 6th decade of the 18th century. The Publication is entitled *Holland's Description of Cape Breton Island and other Documents*, and is compiled with an introduction by the Provincial Archivist, D. C. Harvey.

* * *

The most important contribution to Canadian bibliography that has appeared in many years is *A Bibliography of Canadiana*, compiled by Frances M. Staton and Marie Tremaine, and issued by the Toronto Public Library, 1935. It is confined to a single collection of books, the Reference Department of the Toronto Public Library, but that happens to be a remarkable complete collection of books relating to Canada. The field covered is up to 1867.

* * *

The promise made by that veteran and indefatigable historian of the west Father Morice in his history of the *Catholic Church in Western Canada* to prepare a full history of the North West Insurrection has been amply fulfilled in his *Critical History of the Red River Insurrection* (Winnipeg: Canadian Publishers, 1935). In this substantial volume of 360 pages Father Morice deals exhaustively with every phase of the events of 1869-70, and the conditions that gave rise to them. If one has any criticism to offer it is that, in his indignation against those second-rate historians who because of prejudice or ignorance have

misinterpreted and often mis-stated the facts, Father Morice forgets that the attitude of the historian should be dispassionate and objective. Those who have really studied the situation, in the light of the original documents and other evidence, are in agreement with Father Morice as to the grievances of the Métis. It is a little difficult to understand his insistence that the acts of Riel and his followers constituted not rebellion but insurrection. Is there is any substantial difference between the two? Standard works give them as synonyms, and both are described in dictionaries as resistance to established authority. If the actions of Louis Riel did not constitute resistance to established authority, it would be hard to say what they were

* * *

Dr R. M. Gorrie has embodied in a memoir published by the Oxford University Press (*The Use and Misuse of Land*, 1935), the results of a painstaking and valuable study of conditions in various parts of the United States, and methods developed for dealing with such problems as land planning, erosion, drainage, shifting cultivation, over-grazing, and so forth.

* * *

The international situation lends special interest to Cicely Hamilton's *Modern Austria* (Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons, 1935, \$2.50). So many confusing things are said and written about Austria and its problems that the opinions of an intelligent and sympathetic outsider, based upon unusual experience, will be particularly welcome. "Austria of to-day" she says "is the German-speaking, German-thinking portion of the empire that was broken in pieces by the war; further, it is a country that, until the breakage of war took place, had had no existence as a separate nationality . . . It has always been one of the members of a community of states." That suggests the immense difficulties of assuring to Austria complete independence. Miss Hamilton discusses Austria's relations to Italy and Germany, the Hapsburg problem, private armies, political leaders, the Church, the peasant, and the complicated question of economics.

